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CHAKA

CHAKA

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

By THOMAS MOFOLO

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
SIR HENRY NEWBOLT
Litt.D., D.Litt., LL.D., &c.

Translated from the original Sesuto by
F. H. DUTTON, *Director of Education*

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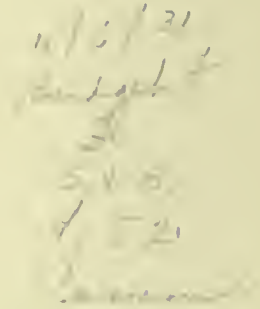

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NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION OF AFRICAN NAMES

Contributed by DR. A. WERNER

ALL words are stressed on the penultimate syllable. In the apparent exceptions (Sesuto names ending in *ng*, such as Quthíng) the final nasal *ng* forms a distinct syllable, pronounced as in 'sing'. With this exception every syllable ends in a vowel. Vowels are pronounced as in Italian, and each one is sounded separately, except in Sesuto words where *oa* and *ea* (in the spelling introduced by the French missionaries) stand for *wa* and *ya*: thus '*Mangoaela*' is pronounced 'Ma-ngwa-é-la'. (This does not apply to one name occurring in the book, 'Ma-kó-a'.) *G* in Sesuto, unless preceded by *n*, has the Dutch value of Scottish or German *ch*; e. g. 'Segoéte' is pronounced 'Se-chwé-te', with this *ch*-sound. In Zulu, as in the name 'Godongwána' *g* has the sound of the English *g* in 'gate' and *ng* as in 'finger'. *Hl* is nearly the Welsh *ll* in 'Llandudno'. *Th* and *ph* as in 'hothouse' and 'haphazard', not as usually pronounced in English. *C* and *q* stand for clicks. Apart from the above sounds, all words are pronounced as spelt. *Aba-* and *Ama-* (sometimes shortened to *Ba-* and *Ma-*) are plural prefixes denoting tribal names. Zulu proper names always have an initial *U*; but this is frequently omitted in the text, where we find, e. g., both 'Unkulunkúlu' and 'Nkulunkúlu'.

INTRODUCTION

I

IN theory every work of art is self-contained, and independent of all external circumstance or explanation. But in actual life we find this theory too absolute: we can seldom receive the communication even of a master-artist without desiring some knowledge of his raw material, some familiarity with his method, some reason for sympathy with his artistic endeavour. These points of contact with the world of fact are in the present case more than commonly interesting, and I have no doubt that it will be better to touch upon them first, before inviting the reader to share the enjoyment which this narrative is capable of affording, whether as a history, an epic, or a tragic drama.

The author, Thomas Mofolo, born about 1875, is a Mosuto, a native of Basutoland, and writes in Sesuto, the language of his people. His manuscript was translated by Mr. F. H. Dutton, Director of Education, in collaboration with Mr. W. R. Moule, then Inspector of Schools, both at Maseru, Basutoland. With it was sent an account of Mofolo's life, written in English by another Mosuto, named Z. D. Mangoaela, who was at school with Mofolo, worked with him later at Morija, and is, like him, a Sesuto author. From Mangoaela we learn that Mofolo was the second son of Christian Basuto parents, and grew up amongst beautiful natural surroundings at Qomoqomong in the district of Quthing, a fertile valley in the mountainous part of Basutoland. Between 1880 and 1890, when Mofolo was a youth there, this valley afforded excellent pasture and grain lands, the mountainous hills and kloofs were still covered with natural forests and bamboo thickets, and streams flowed down the many

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gorges into the bigger stream Qomoqomong, on whose banks were rich fields of wheat, mealies, and kafir-corn. On the hills and plateaux game abounded, groups of monkeys were still to be seen, and there were leopards which preyed upon the cattle of the people.

The boy was quiet, shy, and reserved, but he played and herded cattle with other boys and sometimes went with the 'transport riders', leading the oxen which drew the wagons bringing goods from the railhead: sometimes he joined in the hunts organized for killing game or monkeys on the mountains: and he saw or heard of the killing of leopards by older men.

He then attended a school started by the Rev. Everitt Lechesa Segoete, a devoted pastor of the Church of Basutoland, founded by the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society. Thomas was never a brilliant scholar, but he worked hard and loved and admired his teacher and spiritual guide. After school hours, when he was not helping his parents, he used to go alone and sit on a kopje overlooking his village, preparing his lessons, looking at the beautiful scenery or watching the movements of the village people and their herds of cattle, sheep, and goats.

When he was twenty years old he went to the Masitise Mission school, ten or twelve miles away, to prepare for the Normal School at Morija. At Morija he did well, and passed his Teacher's Certificate Examination in 1899. After this he studied theology at the Bible School at Morija, and learned carpentry at the Leloaleng Industrial School at Quthing. He then began teaching in the Maseru mission school and was soon recalled to teach at Morija.

While there he worked also as a clerk and proof-reader at the joint offices of the Morija Book Depot and

the Morija Printing Works, where the *Leselinyana*, the oldest Sesuto paper, is published; and it was during this time that he began his career as a writer. He had read all the religious and historical Sesuto books then published, some English historical books on South Africa, and some novels by writers like Rider Haggard and Marie Corelli; and he may have been encouraged to write by his employers, the Rev. A. Casalis and afterwards the Rev. S. Duby. In 1906 the *Leselinyana* began to publish in serial form his first book 'Moeti oa Bochabela' ('The Pilgrim of the East'). This is described by Mr. Dutton as 'a surprise', and it was enthusiastically received. 'It was a new product—not a history, but a novel describing native life in ancient days. It told of a boy who became disgusted with the drunkenness, hatred, envy, and general unreasonableness of the people among whom he was born. In despair he says goodbye to his beloved oxen and wanders off in search of the unknown Creator who, he feels convinced, never intended his people to behave in a worse manner than brute beasts. The book is something like a mixture of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*.'

After this followed 'Pitseng' (i.e. 'At the Pot'—the name of a village in a hollow): 'a love story describing the education and courtship of a modern Mosuto . . . written in what all natives say is the most charming Sesuto.' A third book was accidentally destroyed in manuscript, but is being rewritten from memory.

Mangoaela's account adds that soon after the publication of his second book Thomas Mofolo left Morija for Johannesburg and eventually took service in Basutoland North with the Native Recruiting Corporation of the Gold Mines; that he now lives partly there and partly at Bokong, in the mountains behind Tejatejaneng, where

he keeps a store of his own, and where his old parents have joined him. From time to time he revisits Maseru or Morija, and then disappears once more to his remoter dwelling. 'A tall well-built man, rather shy and reserved, Thomas Mofolo is now a business man and a progressive man, very popular with his friends and acquaintances, and an influential member of the Progressive Association of Basutoland.'

The portrait is slight but authentic, and it belongs to a period of which we have as yet but few examples—the period of the Greater Commonwealth, which differs so remarkably from all Empires of the ages which have preceded it. Rome had her African colonies, and there were born in them writers who are still remembered. But there is a wide gulf between cultivated quasi-Romans such as Apuleius or Augustine, and the life of the primitive African world of the veld and forest. Mofolo takes us little more than a century back in time, but the society whose secrets he reveals to us is literally and in the deepest sense a prehistoric, or even a timeless society. In it we may see our own origins and the magnified image of our own spiritual conflicts.

It is unfortunate that we cannot read his work in the language in which it was written. Translation is here more than usually thwarting, because the book is not a mere record of events, or a historian's analysis of motives, but a piece of imaginative literature. It has the persuasive charm, we are told, of a fine language finely written, and this naturally cannot be reproduced adequately in English —the translator has not attempted what is impossible. What he could do he has done. Knowing that the Bible narratives have filled a large place in the author's education, and have helped to form his thought if not his speech, he has reproduced in certain passages the language

of the Authorized Version, and in other passages, where it is appropriate, he has made the diction conform to the same style. It is evident that in a narrative fluctuating between pure history, romantic story, and sheer tragedy, it is not easy to find and keep a uniform tone throughout. But the reader will probably agree that the key chosen is the right one. Mofolo has other affinities as well as the Scriptural, but this is for him the most natural, and it has also the advantage of being the readiest means of access to the ear of the Englishman.

II

It is right I think to speak of Mofolo's book as an imaginative work, but there can be no doubt that in the author's own view it is a serious contribution to history. His first four pages are enough to prove this, and his intention is further shown by the fact that he has made more than one journey into Natal to ascertain dates and other details for his narrative. The result is certainly an interesting and convincing record, probably a valuable one. If it is put side by side with accounts of the same events in such books as Miss Gollock's *Lives of Eminent Africans*, Sir Godfrey Lagden's *The Basutos*, and the Rev. A. T. Bryant's *Olden Times in Zululand and Natal*, it will be found to differ from them very seldom on points of fact, while it shows, as might be expected, more intimate knowledge of native life and thought, and a more serious attitude towards the character and motives of the African peoples and their chiefs. In Mofolo's pages not only Chaka himself, but all the persons in the drama (except the witch-doctors) are treated as inheritors of human feelings and an ancient culture: they are shown in turn as kindly or cruel, faithful or faithless, single-minded or ambitious, but they are never judged from a political standpoint, and still

less are they ever portrayed as beings of an inferior race, childish or ridiculous even in their most violent and criminal moments. From any such mispresentation Mofolo is saved as well by his moral sense as by his artistic instinct. He is a soul by nature Christian, and sees in every crisis the clash of good and evil, of gentleness and militarism, of chivalry and brutality. For him Chaka's irresistible career is the perfect and unanswerable example of the ruin of human life by the rule of force, deliberately adopted and consistently followed. Dingiswayo is chosen to heighten the effect by contrast. He is not on the same scale as Chaka, and in battle he was probably no less whole-heartedly a fighting man; but his principal characteristic is skilfully brought out. In Chapter X, after the capture of his enemy Zwide, we are told that 'Dingiswayo detained his prisoner a few days and then released him, and sent him to his home in peace, as if he had paid a friendly visit and was never a prisoner'. In Chapter XXV we find Chaka on the last night of his life dreaming the last of his terrible dreams. Among them 'he saw his chief Dingiswayo, and the noble acts he did when he tried to instil a spirit of humanity into the tribe: and he saw himself bringing to naught those high endeavours'. By his conquest of the whole African world he had raised himself to almost superhuman rank: 'he had become the originator of all that was evil'.

But this is not the whole account of the matter: it is only the vision of the sinner, agonized by remorse. Mofolo looks more deeply into it: he looks behind the crimes to the source of them. Chaka's guilt is the working out of a Nemesis: as the son of Nandi and Senzangakona he was 'a sin incarnate, damned from birth'. The tragedy falls naturally into five Acts. In the first we see the trials and triumphs of the boy, hated and ill-used by his more

legitimate half-brothers. In the second he flies from home, in danger of death, and on the open veld he meets the witch-doctor Isanusi, the tempter from nowhere, the visible symbol of his own hardening ambition. In the face of this mysterious stranger Chaka sees at one moment unbounded malice and cruelty, at the next compassion and the truest love. In a sweet voice which is not the voice of a deceiver he offers Chaka deliverance from his oppressors, and a chieftainship greater than that of his father. But the gaining of this will demand great sacrifices. Chaka accepts the bargain without hesitation.

In the third Act Chaka comes to the capital of Dingiswayo, falls in love with his new chief's sister Noliwe, and distinguishes himself in war. Isanusi's promises are all coming true: Senzangakona dies, and Chaka is appointed by Dingiswayo, as overlord, to succeed him. In the fourth Act Dingiswayo is murdered by Zwide, the enemy whom he had spared. Chaka steps into his place as overlord, and is tempted by Isanusi to aim at a still wider lordship, to make himself the supreme chief of the African world. The sacrifice for this must be the life of his betrothed, Noliwe. Again he accepts without hesitation, and kills the victim with his own hand, in a scene which could not be surpassed for tenderness and horror. Nor could any hand better the art with which Isanusi persuades him to this final and fatal decision.

The fifth and last Act traces with great power the change which now comes upon Chaka and his world. The tragedy is no longer concerned merely with the fated fall of an ambitious chieftain: it becomes the apocalyptic vision of a monstrous beast, consumed by an all-destroying blood-lust. To quench this unquenchable thirst Chaka's own child, his own mother, his own faithful warriors in thousands must all be sacrificed: and at last he

cannot sleep till he has slaughtered with his own hand. His deliverance can only come by death: his own brothers drive their spears into his heart, and as he falls dying his evil genius Isanusi is suddenly present to demand his reward. He is gone again as suddenly; we hear no more of him. Being but a symbol, an attribute, the evil part of the man's nature, he inevitably passes away with him.

In this sketch I have drawn only the essential outlines of the drama, the mere bones of it: and this can give no idea of the richness and vitality of the whole work. It has many characters in it, and none of them are more curious than the two servants, Ndlebe and Malunga, whom Isanusi gave to Chaka for his attendants and guardians. They are gifted with sub-human faculties—animal cunning and acute animal senses—and they are clearly intended, like Isanusi himself, to symbolize faculties or instincts of Chaka's own nature. The whole business of the witch-doctor's profession is thus raised from the contempt which commonly attends it among our own writers, its real origin is hinted at, and its effects at least partly accounted for. At any rate it has become a fit subject for serious art. It is only upon these terms that magic can find an entrance into our Western scheme of thought. What we have hardly yet realized is that feelings or beliefs or practices which cannot claim any sanction from our religion, our science, or our philosophy may yet have a traceable origin and a psychological value: but not until they have been studied in their native environment. Some of our explorers have discovered this. I remember talking with a great African traveller of the rites and superstitions of the Bantus among whom she had been living. She told me of the native observance of throwing a propitiatory offering into the great river whenever her boat was passing the rapids or 'Singing

Sands', and she added that she herself would invariably do as they did, not from policy but from a feeling identical with theirs. On the same occasion she told me of the same tribe's belief in an afterworld: a land into which the sun disappears every evening when he leaves us. Down there he does not shine: it is a twilight world, like the Hades of the Greeks. But life goes on there in every detail as it does here on earth: warriors hunt and women weave and lovers are wedded still, but only if they have made the journey of death together. The name of this land of reunion, Sráhmandázi, is not mentioned by Mofolo, but the belief is evidently known among his people. Isanusi in his striking appeal to Chaka (on p. 146) to act according to his true nature, tells him that there is another life, and that 'all that a man does here the Sun when it sets takes with it to that great city of the living, the city of those who, *ye* say, have died and are dead: and his acts await him there'. Yet this does not in Mofolo's mind clash with that other passage on a later page: when Noliwe dies we are told that her spirit fled and went to Dingiswayo 'to the place of glory above'. So Mofolo, like Mary Kingsley, belongs not only to the Africa of the future, but to the Africa of the past: he can write of both with perfect sincerity, because his feeling is identical with both. This double sympathy is no small part of his claim on our attention—he belongs to an intermediate age which may be quickly passing. It would be well if we could ensure that his successors shall not be tempted to gain a more advanced civilization at the cost of becoming less characteristic Africans.

HENRY NEWBOLT

Chapter One

NANDI CHOOSES SENZANGAKONA AS HER LOVER

THE country of South Africa is a large peninsula lying between two oceans, one to the east and one to the west of it. Its inhabitants belong to many and various tribes speaking different languages, yet they all fall easily into three main divisions. The tribes along the western sea-board are Bushmen and Hottentots of a yellow colour; the midland tribes are the Basuto and the Bechuana, and the eastern tribes are the Kafirs and the Matebele. The boundaries between them are broad and clear, for they have been put there by God and not by man. The western tribes are separated from the midlanders by wide waterless sandy wastes, and the midlanders are divided from the eastern tribes by a great range of lofty mountains which, beginning in Cape Colony, runs in a northerly direction parallel to the sea but at some distance from it. The differences are so striking that any one travelling from west to east feels them at once, and when he arrives among the Basuto of the midlands he realizes again that he has come into a different country and among different people. He feels the difference further when he crosses the mountains and comes down among the Matebele living on the other side.

Our story is concerned with the eastern tribes, the Kafirs, and before we begin it we must describe the state of these tribes in the early days, so that the reader may be able to follow the narrative in the succeeding chapters.

The greater part of Kafirland lies between the mountains and the sea and is covered with dense bush; hard frosts are unknown, for owing to its nearness to the sea there is never more than a slight touch of frost. It is a

green country with luscious grazing, and the soil is a rich clay: this tells us that the crops are large. Its grasses are the 'seboku' and the 'tlanyane' and water stands in the valleys: this tells us that the cattle there are fat. The rivers are numerous: this tells us that there is plenty of rain. It is a land of mists which do not disperse till the sun is high: this tells us that there are no droughts and that the moisture remains long in the ground.

In the early days when the country was first inhabited there was no part so thickly populated as Kafirland, for the villages there were both large and numerous. The people of this tribe surpassed all the other tribes in South Africa in their traditional knowledge of medicines, for they belonged to the bush country where medicines abound. Medicines for bewitchment, for enchantment, for murder, for fascination, for scattering one's enemies, for making oneself to be loved by people—in using these they were without rivals. Even the Bushmen, so famed for their knowledge of poisons, could not approach them. They were also famous for being able to converse with those who had died long before, and to receive advice from their spirits.

Water-snakes are held in great reverence in Kafirland, and not only water-snakes but also the smaller reptiles such as the cobra, puff-adder, and others. If a person sees a snake it is a serious event foretelling either good luck or misfortune and punishment coming to him by the spirits of his ancestors. No snakes are killed in Kafirland, for whoever kills a snake commits a heinous crime and carries the shame of it all the days of his life. It is said that by his act he has cursed his ancestors and shamed them by killing their messenger. For in Kafirland the snake is a well-recognized messenger bringing tidings from the dead to their descendants.

If a snake enters a hut while the owners are absent they will not enter again while it is there, but will sit outside until it comes out of its own accord: they think that one of their ancestors is pining for their society. Again, if a snake enters a hut where some event or other has recently taken place, it is said that the spirits have been angered or grieved at the acts of their descendants and will visit them with fearful punishments, such as disease or an attack by their enemies. The moment a snake enters a hut the owners give thanks to it or pray its pardon and beg for mercy from the angered spirits. Thus there are many snakes in Kafirland, for they are never killed. It will be easily understood that a snake will be a part of every medicine in Kafirland; it would be impossible to omit an ingredient of such potency.

The first Kafir tribe a man meets when he comes down from the north between the mountains and the sea, going towards Delagoa Bay, is that of the Maswazi. On the other side of the Black Umfolosi are the Undwana, formerly ruled by Zwide. Between the Black and the White Umfolosi, as far as the sea, dwelt the Abatetwa, ruled by Jobe, or rather by his son Dingiswayo for he was more famous than his father. Between these two rivers, but a little higher up, dwelt a small weak tribe, the Ifenilenja, subordinate to Jobe. This was the tribe that in later times became so famous that all the tribes in Kafirland were called by its name (Zulu). Near them were the Amangwana of chief Matiwane (the Mankoane of Matooana who besieged Thaba Bosiu) and also the Amaqabe, Amafunze, Abatembu, Amakunze, Amahlubi, Abakwamacibise and the Amatuli (these last dwelt where the town called Durban is situated to-day). The reader must understand that we are speaking of the positions of the tribes long ago, when the land was first inhabited. The

many weak tribes on the banks of the White Umfolosi had fled to Jobe, chief of the Abatetwa, and begged for his protection, for he was a man of mercy, and among them one was this small tribe of the Ifenilenja (Amazulu). In those days the Amazulu were the weakest of all; they were allowed to live only by the mercy and good-will of the great chief Jobe. The only thing they were famous for was the selling of snuff, clay pots, wooden dishes and things of that sort.

There is no country in the world where wars do not take place. At one time or another tribes quarrel and prepare to fight: sometimes they fight for years, but in the end peace returns again and the country prospers once more. Sometimes when the tribes are dwelling in peace a male child is born to a chief in a certain tribe and that chief's son is enough to cause disturbances in the tribe, so that peace departs from the earth and he spills the blood of many though he be but one. But such slaughter as was seen in the 'great wars' was a thing not known in the days of old, when the country was first inhabited. The tribes were living in peace, each in its own habitation where it had been placed when Unkulunkulu (God) brought man out from the reed-bed. In that time of profound peace and prosperity there was no one who thought for a moment that the time was close at hand when their life would be utterly transformed or that one day they would wander over the land without any fixed abode, killed by hunger and thirst while in flight.

The little tribe of the Mazulu was in those days ruled by Senzangakona. He was still quite a young man and had three or four wives, but in all his huts there was not a single male child: there were only girls. He grieved for this and his heart was sore, for to be without an heir is a more distressful thing for a chief than for a common

man, for a chief deplores the fact that the possessions of his house, his chieftainship, his country, and his people may be without an heir. In these circumstances Senzangakona therefore meditated marrying another wife, a junior one, who might provide him with boy children. Accordingly he caused a great feast and dance to be held, and during it he looked about secretly to see if there was any young girl who would take his fancy. Of the girls who came to the feast the one who pleased him most was Umnandi or Nandi ('the pleasant one'), a girl of Langeni's who was living at Qube in Senzangakona's country. Nandi was a great performer at songs and dances, skilled at clapping hands when the boys danced and at joining in the chorus when they sang. She was a tall upstanding girl, round and ruddy-golden in the face, with a nicely coloured skin and a plump body: she was a person who 'cast a shadow'—so much so that many would say that her beauty was due to her shadow (personality).

When the dancing and games were over beer was produced, and while people were drinking a party of boys went over to the girls and asked them to play 'Kana', and when Senzangakona saw them he made haste so that he might be present at the game. Nandi had already noticed what was in Senzangakona's mind and that he wanted her to choose him for her 'Kana'. To 'kana' is something like the Seliea-liea of the Basuto ('Choose-the-one-you-love-the-best'), but in some respects it is more like choosing a lover. Nandi was in love with Senzangakona so she chose him, and Senzangakona was very glad to be chosen by the one he loved.

When the feast was at an end and the men and women had scattered to their homes the young people spent the night in games at Senzangakona's village and left early in the morning of the next day. Senzangakona told the

maidens from Qube to wait for him in the hollow below his village among the fields. And there he tried his utmost to make Nandi do what is forbidden by law and common consent, until Nandi went away and left him alone in the fields. She was very sad when she found that the man whom she had chosen as her 'kana' did not love her with a pure love, and when she came up to the other girls she told them what Senzangakona had said to her.

In those days in Kafirland an unmarried girl who bore a child was put to death and her boy and girl companions were put to death as well, that is to say all who slept in the same huts. It was said that the whole group must have known of her act when she committed it, and that they would corrupt the tribe and the younger generation by teaching them bad habits.

The other girls were very sad when they heard of Senzangakona's evil designs. None the less they were afraid to make them known, because with the Black Races a chief is above the law. But in justice such designs of a young man ought to be made known at once, so that he alone may suffer death and his companions escape. But Senzangakona hoodwinked them with deceitful speeches and promises that he would marry Nandi and in the end he took her by force and accomplished the evil desire of his heart.

When Nandi saw that her time had come she informed Senzangakona and he made hurried preparations to marry her for fear of the disgrace. He gave her parents fifty-five head of cattle and took her to his village quickly before people could notice her condition; but all the same Nandi was pregnant when she went to Senzangakona. When the time of her delivery approached Senzangakona sent Nandi back to her home, where she gave birth to a boy child, such as Senzangakona had longed and hoped for

night and day, and his joy was full and overflowing. The messenger who announced the event to Senzangakona said 'A boy child is born to thee, an ox to feed the vultures.' And indeed there never was a boy to whom these words could have more truly been applied. He was indeed a man child, in every sense an ox to feed the vultures, as the reader will see later.

Senzangakona sent a message that very day to Jobe, his chief, to inform him that he had now a herdboy who would tend his cattle, who would fight his battles for him and succeed him in the chieftainship, and we shall see how much these words of Senzangakona's influenced events. On his arrival at Jobe's court the messenger found Jobe's sons there and he delivered the message in their hearing. When he had ended Jobe said: 'Go, tell thy master that I rejoice with him. May the child grow and wax strong and become a man indeed. So it is, Godongwana (Dingiswayo), he of whom we hear to-day shall be thy vassal. He will fight thy battles, not mine, for I am old. I shall be no longer here when he reaches manhood.' Jobe showed by his words that he knew what the child would become in the world and he judged aright in handing the matter over to his sons.

The boy was given the name 'Chaka' by his father, and when the month of purification was over, he ordered Nandi to bring the child to him so that he might see and know him. And afterwards Nandi returned to her home with the babe Chaka to shield him from witchcraft, for it had been said that it was owing to witchcraft that wives of Senzangakona were unable to bear male children.

Chapter Two

SENZANGAKONA CASTS OFF NANDI

AS a baby Chaka was a fine little fellow with fat cheeks who never cried even when he fell down. Even when he was beaten he did not often cry: he might cry for a moment and then be quiet. Children generally weep loudly when they are beaten and beg for mercy and declare how repentant they are, or else they run away. Never once did Chaka do any of these things. He thought that to beg for mercy gave satisfaction to the punisher and that to run away was cowardly, and that when one was beaten for doing wrong one should bear the flogging patiently. All the same Chaka was a well-behaved little fellow who gave his mother no trouble. Those who knew him as a child say that any one could have watched him playing with other children without knowing who he was, but that as soon as they looked in his face and talked with him they would see at once that he was of royal blood and not the child of a common man. They say that all who saw him used to say 'It is a lion's whelp; it is a wild beast cub brought up by hand.' Such remarks were always passed when people were speaking of him.

When his father had seen him Chaka returned to Qube, and when he was weaned Nandi went back alone to Senzangakona, while Chaka remained at Qube, whither there were sent to him from time to time cattle and goats, 'for his food', as the saying was.

There was a woman witch-doctor at Bungani (Pokane) who was very famous for attracting and for bringing good luck, such as would make a chief to be loved by his people and by other chiefs. When the ceremony of Lomola was performed on Chaka at his home this woman was called in to chew the meat for him to eat. When she came she

said that Chaka was still very young and not yet ready for the potent medicines of chieftainship, so she only doctored him with the medicines for bringing good luck that he might be fortunate in all things. So she took the gall of the yellow snake of Kafirland—a snake to which the Matebele pay the greatest reverence and which they say is sent as a messenger by the dead—and mixed it with the medicine and gave it to the child to drink, saying that he would have great good fortune during his lifetime, greater than any man had ever had before.

She gave Nandi the medicine horn and said: 'Whenever the moon is at its last stage, bathe this child in the river when it is yet early before the sun has risen. When he has been bathed he must come up from the river quickly and go home. And when the first rays of the sun shine on the village where he dwells thou must take of this medicine and smear his head therewith. Thou must anoint the middle of his head only in the place where the head of a child throbs and also his uncut forelock. All this thou must do before he has taken food; moreover thou must bathe him in a big river and not in a small stream. When the child is grown up and is able and knoweth to bathe himself, leave him when he goes into the water and stand on one side in hiding. Go not to him, unless he call thee: and if he call let him not shout but only whistle. If when he is in the water he sees anything which may affright him, let him not run away, come what may. And thou must not at any time ask him what he saw there. He may tell thee of his own accord, but in that case it must be a secret between you two. When this child becomes a man and goes to bathe in this fashion, he must never go with another man: he must go by himself, or with a woman if he wishes that another should be present.'

About the time when Chaka was past the crawling and standing stage, and was beginning to walk, there was born to his father Senzangakona a boy child by the wife who was second in seniority, and that child was called Mfokazana. When Chaka was weaned Nandi returned to her husband at Nobamba, and just as she arrived yet another boy child was born to Senzangakona. He was named Dingana and he also was of one of the great wives. And from now on misfortune dogged Chaka and his mother. Before this Nandi was of great importance at Nobamba, for the wives loved her for having taken away their shame by giving birth to a boy and Senzangakona also loved her, because he had had by her the son he had desired so long. Nandi was given the best of food so that she might be able to nourish Chaka generously and she was a great lady then, but when Mfokazana and Dingana were born there was a great change. The wives gave their attention to the children that had been born afterwards and said that Mfokazana was the heir, and next to him Dingana. Meanwhile Senzangakona had again become the father of a boy, Mhlangana, and his mother also had been married before Nandi. And now Nandi's cause was lost.

The circumstances of Chaka's birth were not publicly known, for very few knew that Nandi was pregnant when she was married and these few would not disclose the secret for fear of the consequences. Some, perhaps, who had given thought to the matter had noticed that the period of her pregnancy was shorter than that of other women.

As Senzangakona still loved Chaka and his mother dearly the other wives became very vexed and said that Senzangakona should declare publicly the order of seniority of his children so that they and the tribe might know

it; but Senzangakona refused. The wives discussed the question for a long time among themselves, and finally told the councillors to advise the chief to make matters regular with regard to his children. However, when the councillors broached the matter Senzangakona became very angry and told them to leave his private life alone: their function was a public one only. Then the wives sent for a witch-doctor to turn Senzangakona's heart away from Nandi, so that whenever he intended visiting her his conscience would trouble him and he would come back again.

Nandi returned to her home at Qube for her second confinement and as soon as she had gone the wives appeared before Senzangakona and with bitter feeling declared that Nandi must never come back again to Nobamba. Senzangakona tried to refuse his consent, but the women said: 'Do thou think well before thou speakest: as for us our patience is gone. Thou didst refuse to tell the people as we bade thee, that though Chaka is the first born the heir is Mfokazana, and after him Dingana and then Mhlangana. Now to-day thou refusest thy consent when we say that Nandi must not return to this place. We will not suffer ourselves to be shamed by a dog like Nandi, who came to thee already pregnant, while we were married to thee as virgins without spot or stain. We have borne thee children and have filled thy huts, and the cattle will come here in great numbers and the kraals will soon be full. Further we have borne thee boy children. If there had been no sons of ours, then we could understand. To-day we will tell thy story and Nandi's and will bring the matter before the great chief, Jobe.'

When Senzangakona heard this he was much frightened and trembled, for he saw that his shame and Nandi's

would now become known. Nandi and her companions would be put to death and he as well, since although he was the chief he had set the people a bad example. He therefore begged his wives to let the matter go no further and told them that Mfokazana and not Chaka would succeed him as chief, and he promised also that Nandi should not set foot in Nobamba again. But his wives said that to satisfy them it was necessary that Nandi together with her child Chaka should be driven away from Qube to her home at Langeni. And Senzangakona did drive her away, but afterwards he persuaded his wives to allow her to return to Qube. But the wives of Senzangakona in their folly did not see to it that Senzangakona explained to Jobe the seniority of his sons, and therefore Jobe still continued to regard Chaka alone as the heir.

We cannot describe the grief which Senzangakona felt at having to part with his son Chaka and his wife Nandi, for he had great love for them. But he was in a panic about his affair with Nandi and did not wish people to hear a single whisper of it. He therefore thought it better to give up Nandi and her son and regard them as lost to him for ever. Besides he saw that unless he gave up Chaka, not only would Nandi and her companions be put to death but his little kingdom also would be torn to pieces when his sons grew up. So he closed his eyes, accepted his fate, and gave up his wife and her boy child.

There is a proverb, 'Scandal is not like bread: there is never any shortage', and though Senzangakona had hidden so carefully his affair with Nandi yet it was certainly known, and although it was not common knowledge all the same people knew of it and alluded to it. And as soon as men heard of the charge they hated Chaka and Nandi with a fearful hatred and agreed with Senzangakona's wives that Mfokazana was the heir, and they

even wanted Chaka to be killed as being born of sin: he was only a child, but he was illegitimate.

Chaka was terribly ill-treated when he went herding the calves; the other herdboys persecuted and tormented him all day and every day for no reason. One day when they were herding they sent him to head off the calves, and when he came back he heard one of them say 'Seize him.' They seized and beat him until they were tired and then they desisted. He tried to ask why he was being beaten, but got no answer and he saw that the question merely made them beat him the more. The herdboys persecuted Chaka because they heard people say that it would be a good thing if they killed him. Once during these daily fights Chaka knocked out a boy's eye. The next day the boy's father seized Chaka and gave him a severe beating, wounding him terribly.

This incessant fighting taught Chaka how to use a stick, how to parry the many blows directed at him at one and the same time, and how to strike while keeping his head guarded: also it taught him swiftness and how to escape by running. He was quite fearless when fighting, because he had become accustomed to it, nor was he short of breath when he took to flight. He learnt to parry quickly, to stoop, to dodge, to give ground and then leap up and strike home at the right time.

Chaka's grandmother was distressed at the hard life which Chaka was leading when herding calves, and when he was beaten by the injured boy's father she took him away and put him to scare birds from the fields of kafir corn. For this he had to get up early in the morning when it was still dark, keeping alight the wisp of tinder-grass which burnt his fingers before he reached his field. He had to walk through the chilly dew and arrive at his place too cold to be able to scare the birds. The other bird scarers

did not beat him, but they mocked him, spat when they spoke to him, made faces at him and generally caused him to look ridiculous. Chaka did not know what crime he had committed or how he had transgressed to deserve all this. Truly there never was a child who grew up under such hardships as Chaka did: it is indeed distressing for any one to be deserted by his father.

The herdboys now became much disgusted at having nothing to do, for previously they had been able to use Chaka to relieve the tedium of their days; so they went to fetch Chaka from the fields where he was. While Chaka was sitting resting he saw a gang of boys suddenly appear quite close to him, some in the ploughed field, some in the thick grass and some all round him. He looked this way and that but there was nowhere he could flee, and worst of all his stick was some distance away at his shelter-place. They seized and beat him till he fainted and then threw him into a deep hole in the long grass and left him for dead. A woman who had gone to look at the fields was watching them from a distance, and when she reached the spot where they had thrown him she found Chaka not dead but unconscious. She poured water over him and placed him in the shade where it was cool, and Chaka soon recovered. However, he was too weak to stand, so the good woman went and told his relations who came and carried him home on an ox hide.

This was too much for Nandi and she told Senzangakona what a hard life Chaka was leading, but he did not reply to her. Though his heart also was sore and he controlled his feelings with difficulty, yet he knew that if he spoke he would be giving other people the chance to speak also. His wives, who saw the messenger, told Senzangakona to cease sending cattle and goats as food for Chaka, and much against his will he obeyed them in

order to keep his shame concealed. How bitter is the fruit of sin. Here was Senzangakona parted from the wife he loved and whom he had married with fifty-five head of cattle, and parted from his child Chaka the first son he had ever had, and worst of all forced to persecute them as well.

From now on Chaka's grandmother forbad him to herd or even to scare birds and Chaka became a laughing-stock and a stay-at-home.

When Chaka became a youth Nandi took him to her witch-doctor to be treated with medicines, which would protect him from people who wished to take his life. The witch-doctor took a little powder and mixed it with other medicines and gave it to them saying, 'When the moon is about to go into darkness Chaka must get up early and go to the river as before. When he has finished bathing and is still at the river he must inoculate himself with this medicine and then come home and smear his head with the medicine which I gave you before. The result will be that even if people surround him in a mob they will not be able to hold him in; he will scatter them with ease; he will kill, but will not be killed. Moreover, I confirm what I said before that this child will receive blessings innumerable. Hast thou ever seen aught at the river when thou wast bathing?' Chaka said he had not. Then the woman took him by the hand and felt his pulse and said: 'Of great import are the happenings which will take place in the life of this child. I will hasten and will return from Zwide's village whither I have been called, and if it is possible I shall be with you here on the tenth day from now. If the tenth day pass by, ye must know that my work delays me and I will send one to inquire for me how things are, since I know that Chaka will go early to the river to-morrow, for that is his day.'

On the road it occurred to the witch-doctor that Chaka must not be a timid person or it would spoil the effect of her medicines. So she sent him medicines of two kinds—one for drinking and one for inoculation—that he might become brave and warlike, that he might be stout-hearted and without fear. Among the ingredients were the liver of a lion, the liver of a leopard and the liver of a man who had been a great warrior in his lifetime. The liquid portion was sprinkled upon Chaka's food and she ordered him to be inoculated by a woman who had just borne a child, and moreover a first-born child.

The messenger brought the medicines and Chaka was inoculated in his presence, after which the messenger returned. From that time Chaka had a wonderful love for fighting—either with the club or the spear. When he slept at night he dreamt of it, and in the day-time while awake he dreamt of it. When he saw a man with a stick or spear in his hand his whole body itched to come into contact with him. He dreamt that tribe after tribe was attacking him, and he saw himself scattering them single-handed with none of his people to help him. The only conversation he enjoyed was about fighting. Even before this Chaka was a great fighter, but he was never the challenger or the aggressor; but now these medicines excited him and he went forth to the veld in spite of his grandmother's orders.

As soon as he arrived there the herdboys all attacked him, but he gave them such terrible bleeding wounds that they scattered in flight. And very soon they let him alone and he became their leader. At the pools his cattle drank first, and the best grass was their grazing place. At the end of any fight he was full of joy and felt pleasantly refreshed, like the venomous snake which after biting a man falls ill until the man dies and then casts its skin and

begins once more to move about again. Chaka soon noticed that he did not tire even when he was fighting for a long while; he only felt tired when he had finished his enemies. During the fight his stick struck home and with such force that his enemies were sent spinning to the ground; but their sticks touched him lightly as if they were stalks of grass.

Chapter Three

CHAKA KILLS A LION

ONE day when Chaka was still an uncircumcized youth he took the cattle out to graze when it was early and almost dark, so that the daylight should find them well up the slopes above the plough-lands. At the moment that he was taking them out of the kraal, a lion entered one of the other kraals in the village and went off with a calf. It evidently ate what it wanted and left off when it found that day was breaking, and lay down on the spot, for the grass was very thick there. Chaka went on with the cattle, not knowing that he was following in the track of this terrible animal. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the cattle turned round and bolted right back to the village and Chaka was left wondering what it was they had heard or seen. As there was nothing else to be done he followed them back to the village.

By this time the sun was rising, and the people in the village saw the cattle scattering away from him, and realized that they must have seen the lion, for the owners of the kraal which had been entered during the night were telling the others what had happened just when Chaka's cattle bolted. As they were discussing the event they saw the lion leave the place where the cattle had been and steal quietly off in the direction of the wood, but as the wood was a long way off it lay down in the grass under a big tree.

Chaka arrived as the men were making plans for pursuit, so he went with them. They formed a large circle, walking close together so that the lion would be puzzled to know which man to attack, and which to leave alone. When they disappeared in a fold in the ground the lion rose up and, instead of running away,

came forward to meet them. Up and down hill he went, and zigzagged to confuse his spoor; and before he came into their view he lay down and waited for them. They came along running in close formation and cheering one another on, saying that they must keep together, and when the lion sprang upon any of them the others were to run to their assistance at once: there was to be no running away. They ran along with their skins all goose-flesh, their bodies cold, and their hair standing on end, for they knew that they were going to meet the wild beast face to face. While they were encouraging each other in this way suddenly they heard the lion roaring quite close to them, and by the sound of its roar they knew that it was about to spring. It roared once only—rrrr—and then it was upon them.

'O, tawny one, rise in thy might,
O tawny, yellow giant.
When thou dost not eat men's cattle
Thou dost eat by thyself the beasts that roam at night.
Thou hast no elder relations with whom to share thy booty, as have we.
For thyself alone thou killest and tearest the meat to pieces.'

They scattered in all directions in pell-mell flight, most of them running towards the village: they never even saw the lion, but merely heard its roaring. Some went uphill, some downhill, some crossways, and some made straight home, and the very man who had been encouraging the others was the first to run away; though the poor man was not first by very much, for they all rushed away together.

As the lion sprang it caught one man, brought him to the ground and lay upon him. Chaka, who was on the

outside wing, came running up, and first of all tried to stop one of the men and get him to join in the rescue, but it was evident that the man could neither speak nor stop: flight was the only thing for him. Chaka ran on shouting so that the lion might hear that some one was coming, and thus be hindered from killing his victim at once.

When Chaka was still a little way off the lion roared once more, and his roar made the fugitives quicken their speed, for they thought that the lion was there close behind them. He roared again and the earth trembled, and the lion's roar seemed to re-echo in the very bellies of the cowards running away.

At the next roar the lion sprang—'the yellow calf, the wild beast of the forests'—sprang with his mane upstanding, his eyes blazing, his tail stretched straight out, and his claws bared ready to devour a man. The lion sprang once more, and this time he was upon him.

As Chaka was entirely without fear he simply waited for it and let it jump, but while it was in the air he moved slightly to one side. The lion continued in its original course, for, not being a bird, it could not change its course in the air. While it was still in the air, and just before it reached the ground, Chaka stabbed it behind the shoulder with his spear, so that when it reached the ground it fell—a mighty fall. While it was dying its roars were terrible to hear. Chaka looked at it without fear: it did not seem as if he was looking at a deadly beast of prey which had just attacked him.

The crowd of men had just reached the village when Chaka stabbed the lion, and its last terrible roars made all the fugitives rush into the huts with never a look behind. They closed the doors and made them fast, shutting the women and children outside where they stood, for they

thought that the lion was actually in the village. The shrieks of the women sounded to the men in the huts like the shrieks of people being killed by the lion, so they fastened the doors more tightly than ever.

Chaka went up to see the man whom the lion had attacked, but found that he was already dead. He was surprised, for he had come to the rescue quickly, but the lion had broken the man's neck with its paw when it leapt upon him, and while it lay on top of him, thinking he was still alive, he was really already dead.

With the men it had been a veritable race home; it had been a case of 'don't pass me, let me pass you', and they did not even know the name of the man killed by the lion. But the women saw clearly what was happening, for they watched from a distance and did not run away. When they saw that Chaka had killed the lion they told the men in the huts what had happened, and called to them to come out and go and help him carry it in. But the men insisted that the lion had hidden in the long grass, for it was impossible for a boy like that to have killed it (for they could see that Chaka was still there, moving about). Chaka waited and waited until at last, when he saw that they were not coming, he shouted to them that the lion was dead. And then the men began to believe that it really was dead, but at the same time they felt ashamed that they had run away and left a man struck down by a wild beast, especially as this wild beast was afterwards killed by a boy, a youngster with a smooth chin who had never yet gone to the wars. It was difficult for them to make a start, and the women, and more especially the girls, when they saw that no one was going, started out themselves. Then at last some of the men began to go, but others stayed where they were, overcome with shame.

The lion was carried without being skinned to Senzangakona at Nobamba, and he sent it on to Dingiswayo who was his chief now that Jobe was dead, according to the law which says, 'A beast of prey must be eaten at the chief's village'. He said that the animal had been killed by his son Chaka absolutely unaided when all the men had fled. He did not know that in saying this he was winning favour for Chaka with the chief.

This affair of the lion caused a good deal of jealousy in the village; the young men and warriors felt ashamed when every one pointed out Chaka, and added that all the rest had run away and shut themselves in the huts. And then it was that the girls composed the following song:

'In Qube's village there is a shortage of young men,
There is only one left.
In Qube's village there is a shortage of grown men,
All of them are cowards.
They ran away and left their companion on the veld.
They left their comrade fighting with a wild beast.
It was he who overthrew the lion of the mighty jaws.
Senzangakona has no subjects: they will leave him to be killed.
Senzangakona, call thy son back home to thee.
He is a man-child, a warrior who will fight for thee and overcome thy enemies.'

This song they sang wilfully and of design wherever many people were gathered together. The women of Nandi's age, her companions, also composed a song of their own which concluded with these lines:

'The people have departed and we are left with something else,
We are left with things that call themselves men, but are not.

What shall we say of the boy Chaka?
Marvel ye women of Qube.
The wives of Senzangakona profit not;
The one and only wife is Nandi,
For she hath brought forth a child, a man-child indeed.'

In reading these songs the reader should remember that there is nothing more galling for a person than to be sung at by women in mockery and contempt, just as there is nothing so pleasant as when they sing one's praises. We are speaking of the old days of our ancestors, not of the present time.

These two songs put a bad spirit into the young men and the warriors, for they saw that the girls would go with Chaka and that they would not be looked at. For in those days women were not attracted by a man, however good-looking, if he was a coward. The aim of every woman was to find a husband who was a real fighting man, a true warrior when spears were wielded or when occasions like this arose. However ill-favoured, such a man was loved, and songs were composed to extol him and bring into contempt all other men.

In a way we cannot blame them for this, for those were rough days, and a woman who wanted protection had to choose a man of that kind, who was feared by others, a brawny defender.

This evil spirit spread and reached Mfokazana and his friends, and they all plotted to murder Chaka some time or other when he might be attending a big feast. The senior wives of Senzangakona also said that the women of Qube had insulted them in their songs, and that Senzangakona ought to take the matter up for them. When things were in this state a messenger from Dingiswayo came to Senzangakona and said: 'Dingiswayo greets thee

and says that it is now long since thou didst send tidings to Jobe his father that there was a man-child in thy house. When wilt thou send the child to him that he may see and know him? He gives thee thanks for the lion thou didst send him, and bids thee send Chaka that he may return to thee with the calf which my master Dingiswayo will give thee as an offering of thanks.'

These words cooled the wrath of the wives and also of the men at Qube, for they all saw clearly that if Chaka were to die, Dingiswayo would require his death at their hands. Chaka, too, heard of this message of Dingiswayo, but none the less he waited to hear the tidings from his father's own lips; but his father remained silent. At that time Chaka still loved his father, and believed that the day would come when he would succour him: but that day never came, the course of his life was to shape itself with no assistance from him. In fact, it became evident that his father, instead of succouring Chaka, was fanning the flame that was to destroy him.

Chapter Four

CHAKA IS VISITED BY THE LORD OF THE DEEP WATERS

THE day for Chaka to rise early and go to the river came again, and he went there very early: his mother went with him, for she had noticed a dangerous spirit among the people. No one else knew that Chaka's time for going to the river had come.

When they reached the river (the White Umfolosi) his mother hid herself near to where her son was bathing. (The reader must remember that among the Kafirs it is not considered shameful for a mother to see her son bathing naked, for it is common for people to go naked in Kafirland.)

When Chaka had nearly made an end of washing himself his forelock trembled and quivered, and the skin underneath it grew hot. For a moment his skin throbbed with the heat, and then suddenly became quite still. It was very early, long, long before sunrise, and he was bathing in a dangerous and fearsome spot. Above where he was there was a mighty waterfall, and below this—just where he stood—an enormous basin of rock, forming a fearsome pool with great depths of green water. In the middle of the basin the water was as dark as night. On the other side of the river and opposite him, right at the water's edge, was a great cavern, a dark black hollow which shelved away out of sight, and the bottom of the deep pool was likewise out of sight. The river beyond the pool was covered with bulrushes standing close together, and on its far side bush hid the rocky bank, reaching down to the water's edge in such a dense mass that it made a veritable tangle of intertwining branches.

It was so awesome a place even in the day-time that no man would bathe there alone: it was a place fit only for the 'tikoloshi' (water-devil). Chaka used to bathe there alone, but that was because he was Chaka.

Chaka splashed the water again with his hand, and at once the broad river rose and fell in the pool, making waves in all directions; it rose and swelled and foamed until he saw that it would engulf him, so he made his way out. When he had come out a strange hot wind blew, the reeds on the banks quivered and tossed violently, and then were suddenly still and stood up straight again, as if no wind had ever blown. The water receded, the wind fell, and the deep, green pool rippled slightly to show some great thing was passing through the midst of it.

Nandi saw all this and trembled with fright. She wished to go to Chaka, but feared the stern command, 'Thou shalt not go to him unless he call thee'. Her heart ached for Chaka to call her. While Chaka was gazing deep into the pool where the ripples of water were, he saw the huge head of an enormous snake emerge suddenly very close to where he was. It had long ears like those of a hare, but in shape they were more like the ears of a field-mouse. Its eyes resembled great green hammer-stones, and its whole appearance was unimaginably terrifying. It came out of the water towards Chaka as far as its shoulders. Dauntless as he was, Chaka felt his body shiver as he saw it coming towards him, and his first idea was to seize his stick and spear and defend himself, but he remembered the question he had been asked twice by his witch-doctor, 'Hast thou seen aught at the river when thou hast been bathing?' So he abandoned that idea, saying to himself that perhaps the snake had been attracted by the medicines on his body, and that this was the very thing he had been questioned about. He stood perfectly still, frozen with

fear, and looked it squarely in the eyes: but what a fearsome sight it was! When it approached him it put out its two long tongues and pointed them at him, as if it were going to draw him into its mouth, for its jaws were big enough to swallow him easily. When Chaka saw the tongues coming towards him he was terrified and a-tremble with fear. This was the first time that he ever felt fear of this kind—a coward's fear. He was so frightened that he almost turned and ran, but he remembered the stern command: 'Thou shalt not flee, come what may.'

Because of his fear he shut his eyes, so that if the snake should kill him it might do so without his eyes seeing its face. He put up his hand slowly and grasped the lock of his hair as he had been told to do if he was ever very frightened, and whistled gently to call his mother. Nandi, too, by this time had covered her face, for she was afraid to look upon her child being swallowed by this monster of the water, but when she heard the whistle she uncovered her face and looked. She was more frightened than ever when she saw the animal so close to Chaka. Instead of going to him she crouched down on the ground and gazed from a distance, trembling so much that she was unable to cry out or even to weep.

When Chaka opened his eyes, as he found that the snake did not touch him, he saw it looking him squarely in the eyes, but there was only a little of it showing above the water, and the tongues were drawn in again. It was clear that it was returning to the water backwards; if Chaka had delayed opening his eyes he would have found it gone. When he had opened his eyes he looked into the centre of the snake's eyes, and the snake regarded him in the same way. They looked at each other thus without stirring for a long time, the snake in its own domain and

man, the intruder. And while they looked at each other thus Chaka's hand still clung to the lock of his hair that had been anointed with medicine. At last the snake came out of the water towards him, making no noise or splash, but emerging gently and showing that it was going to approach near to him again. He gazed at it, and when it was as near as it had been when he had closed his eyes before, it put out its tongues—one on each side of his neck, right round and crossing behind it and joining together in front. Then, holding on by these, it drew itself out of the water and wound itself all about his body; then it released its tongues and licked him from the top of his head to the sole of his foot.

When it had made an end, it raised its head to the level of Chaka's eyes and looked closely at him, and its hot foul-smelling breath covered him like steam; then it licked his eyes again and his whole face, and went backwards into the water, still keeping its eyes fixed upon him.

Chaka did not see where the body of the snake ended, for there was always part of it hidden in the water; that is to say, not even Chaka knew how long it was. When it finally disappeared the water of the river was agitated in a fearsome manner and swelled up again: a cold wind blew and the reeds waved and twisted, and a thick mist rose from the pool like a column of cloud and enveloped Chaka, so that he could see nothing even of things near him, and in the reeds something sang in a voice loud and deep:

'Mphu-mphu ahe-ee
Kalamajoeng, Kalamajoeng.
Mphu-mphu ahe-ee
Kalamajoeng, Kalamajoeng.
There is a great monster in the water,
Kalamajoeng, Kalamajoeng.

Seen only by the favoured,
Kalamajoeng, Kalamajoeng.
Seen only by those who are born to rule the nations,
Kalamajoeng, Kalamajoeng.'

The words were repeated twice, and then there was silence. And then a very gentle voice sang,

'Ahe, ahe. The world is thine, child of my own people,
Thou shalt rule the nations and their governors,
Thou shalt rule all the nations of men,
Thou shalt rule the winds and the storms of the sea
And the deep pools of the mighty rivers,
And all things shall obey thy word.
They shall kneel down beneath thy feet.
E, oi, oi. But beware thou takest the right path.'

Chaka only heard the words, he saw nothing because of the mist which enveloped him. But as the voice ended its song (which Chaka had not heard very clearly) the mist lifted and left him; it did not go back into the water whence it came, but it suddenly ended and was not—we must imagine it as being absorbed by Chaka himself. Nandi did not hear the voices, she only saw the snake and the turbulent water and the whirlwind in the reeds. But as for the voices, she did not hear them, although she was not very far away: which clearly shows that they were intended for the ears of Chaka only. After these marvels Chaka dressed and came up from the river, and as he reached home the first rays of the sun lit up the village, and his mother anointed him with medicine in the appointed way.

The same day Nandi sent to Zwide's village to tell the tidings to the witch-doctor. When the messenger returned he said that the witch-doctor was detained, but

that she promised to come to them by the end of that month; if she did not appear by then they were to go to her at Zwide's village.

The appointed month passed, but the witch-doctor did not appear, and while they were preparing to go to her a messenger arrived with grievous tidings for Chaka and his mother: their witch-doctor was dead. We cannot describe their despair, their anger, and dismay, for they had the greatest faith in this witch-doctor, since they saw that her prophecies were really fulfilled just as she had given them. They wondered where they could find another true and real witch-doctor.

When the messenger saw their dismay he said: 'Your witch-doctor said that I should tell you not to disturb yourselves if death should take her; for as soon as she felt that death was nigh, she sent far away to fetch the doctor who taught her witchcraft, and asked him to finish the medicining of Chaka, as she herself would be prevented by death. Clearly, if the one who is coming taught your doctor witchcraft, his knowledge and understanding of medicines and charms will be even greater than hers. This man is not a witch-doctor only, but also a diviner (*isanusi*), and can foretell events out of his head alone. She says that you are not to trouble yourselves to find him: he will come to you of his own accord, for he will divine where you are. All that the woman witch-doctor did she did by medicines alone, but he who is coming will do some of the work in his head. He will see danger when it is far away, so that you may have time to avoid it. He hears of wars long before they are fought or even thought of, and he can foretell who will conquer, and the result is as he has foretold. Your witch-doctor said, "Have patience and fear not. All will yet be well".'

When Nandi and her son heard this they tried to be

patient, for they had been in great dread. They tried to think that perhaps all would yet be well, if only the new witch-doctor did not delay too long until the trouble was upon them.

About this time Chaka was given a very bad name, and those whom he had overcome in fight slandered him continually. Some said that he had been doctored by a 'tikoloshi', and that that was why he could wield his spear so well and never run away. Others said he was the child of a tikoloshi, and that it was for this reason his father had driven him and his mother away and had showed her no mercy, although he had married her with so many cattle. It became rumoured that Chaka was not like other men, since the months of his mother's pregnancy (said those who knew) were not as many as those of other women. In saying this they were seeking all the time some way of killing Chaka so that Dingiswayo might not be able to tell how he had been killed, but would think that his death was due to disease or a wild animal. For the fame of Chaka had spread abroad and reached Dingiswayo, and he was filled with a great desire to see him, and not only to see him but to enrol him among his regiments.

Chapter Five

CHAKA'S FLIGHT FROM HOME

IN these days of long ago people were much troubled by wild beasts. In the evening, when they were sitting together or had gone to their huts, a hyena would enter the village, and, if there were no goats for it to eat, would seize a man and go off with him. And no one would pursue it or go to the rescue. And the victim, as he was being carried off, would cry out in the darkness, 'It carries me. It has put me down. It carries me again. Now it is going to eat me'. These cries were to warn the man's friends and let them know where he was so that they might start to pursue. But in the midst of his shouting he would be eaten, and none would come to his rescue. Often people like Chaka who had none to care for them would be put near the entrance to the hut so that they might be the ones to be taken by the hyena and the others might escape. It was so in Chaka's own case. He was made to sleep near the door of the hut so that he might be the most exposed to the perils of the night or of sorcery: he was a barrier to shield the rest from harm. None the less, disaster passed him by. The hyena would only smell at him and then move on into the centre of the hut and take some one from there. It seemed that now the hyena would never take the one by the entrance, as if it knew him to be hated by the others.

Two or three times Chaka's hands were tied, and he was made to sleep outside the circle and near the entrance, bound in this way, so that the hyena might see him as soon as it came in. It would happen on days when a hyena had been seen near the village and was expected to come and take its victim at nightfall. But on those nights the hyena devoured goats and did not molest human

beings. Truly the childhood of Chaka was full of hardships.

Even in Basutoland hyenas were known to eat human beings, for we hear of a wife of Moshoeshoe who was taken from a village when there were people there. As she was carried away and was actually in the hyena's mouth, she raised those well-known distressing cries, and they were heard by Moshoeshoe and his warriors, the men of Mohale the son of Makoa and Makoanyane and Mokolokolo the son of Thesele; but they were all afraid to go out. They said it was a man-eating hyena, a werewolf.

Once a hyena entered a hut where men were sleeping in Qube at dead of night, and Mfokazana was there with his young men. When it entered it remained absolutely still. They were all almost dead with fright, for hyenas were feared more than we can possibly imagine, and even brave men feared them. It entered, sniffed at one man and passed on; sniffed at another and passed on; sniffed at a third (a girl) and seized her and went off with her. Now the one it had taken was a lover of Mfokazana's. All the others pretended to be dead and kept very still, and Mfokazana did the same out of sheer terror and not in pretence, though he knew quite well who had been taken.

When the hyena was outside the hut the girl gave forth piercing heart-rending screams which woke the crowds of people who were fast asleep in the village, and she began to sing the chant of a hyena's victim: 'It carries me. It has put me down.' Such were the cries of the poor girl, and then she was suddenly silent. But her pitiful cry had been heard throughout the village, and went travelling through the darkness of the night into the bush and the villages near by, and the people of those villages knew for certain that there had been an attack by a hyena, and they wrapt themselves round in their blankets, thinking that

perchance the hyena might wish to devour many people that night.

Yes, the hyena was feared. Men trembled when they heard its praise song:

'Thou hyena, beast of the mighty shoulders,
Elder brother of the lion and the leopard,
Child of the brindled hide:
Thou hyena, thou child that gambols,
Thou hunter by night,
Why dost thou fear to gambol by day?'
'I fear because of the sins I have committed among the herds of the people.'

This night Chaka was sleeping in a separate outhouse with a few others. He had left his companions because they persecuted him and because he saw that their hatred was such that there was a danger of their killing him when he was asleep. He heard the girl's cry in his sleep, and the second time he heard it plainly and recognized her voice. He was suddenly wide-awake, and roused all who were sleeping with him and said, 'Vukani madoda, intombi yemuka nencuka' ('rise up, young men, the hyena has taken a girl'). Then he rushed out of the hut.

Because of her weight, for she was fully grown, the hyena was often compelled to rest, and so had not yet left the village with her. When Chaka came out he stood and listened to hear in what direction was the voice, and as he stood there it rang out clearly, 'It has put me down'. Then the brave boy set to work, going on tiptoe so as not to make a noise, and when the young girl cried a second time, 'It carries me', he came upon the hyena and the girl in its mouth. Now he ran fast for he knew that the hyena would not hear his footsteps (for its ears were lying flat and closed because of the burden it was carrying) so that

he might reach it before it rested again. He reached it and struck it while its short ears were still laid flat as before. His strong hand struck it under the shoulder-blade, and the spear sank in and came out the other side, and threw the hyena to the ground and pinned it there. The animal sank to the ground and let go its victim. It lay flat and gave two or three kicks before it died. Now it was dead, silent and still: it gave no cry or howl at all. Chaka spoke one word only, 'nantso', and then was silent. He slowly drew forth his spear as a man does when he has killed a wild animal.

The girl's eyes were clouded, and she could not see clearly and did not even know where the hyena was taking her. When it sank to the ground she thought that perhaps it was resting. When she felt that she was no longer held she jumped up and looked round, but she still could not see clearly. The first thing she saw was a very tall man standing between her and the hyena, but her sight was dim and she could not see well, and she thought perhaps the werewolf had now brought her to its masters and she was going to be eaten. She cried, 'Help, help', a far more heart-rending cry than any she had yet uttered, the cry of a dying woman when all hope of escape has passed and death looks her in the face close at hand. When she cried in this way the people were sitting trembling in their huts, the young men were dead with fright, and the most useless of all was Mfokazana.

The girl gave forth her pitiful cry and fell to the ground in terror. Chaka took her by the hand and raised her up and reassured her: 'Thou hast escaped, be silent, rejoice. There is the hyena, it is dead. Rise up and see it. It is I, Chaka.' The girl heard his words without understanding them. Chaka repeated them, and this time she understood and recognized his voice. She looked him in the eyes and

saw that it was Chaka himself. She looked at the hyena and saw that it was lying on the ground. She looked in every direction and now her sight was clear, and she saw the huts of her village and the kraals still there. She looked at the hyena again and saw that it was lying quiet on the ground, dead, quite dead. And Chaka again reassured her and bade her take courage, for she had escaped.

Her senses now came back to her. The sting of death and the terror of it were passed; she experienced again the joy of life, the blessing and happiness of being alive. She cried out, 'Help, help, help,' and clung to Chaka and clasped him and kissed him again and again, saying, 'I knew that there was none but thee, Chaka, who could rescue the dead who have no hope, Mfokazana abandoned me when we were side by side alone in the hut.' Then she darted away from him and rushed through the village, shouting out for all the people to awake and come and see and hear the miracle that Chaka had performed in rescuing her from death out of the jaws of the hyena.

The people were bewildered with joy, but their joy was mixed with shame. They asked themselves in astonishment what would be the end of Chaka. Whither would his prowess and manliness lead him? The young men also asked themselves the question in sorrow and shame. Where would the disgrace brought upon them by Chaka end? It was becoming worse and worse. Two days before he had killed a lion and they had fled, and now he had killed a hyena that had taken one of their number, and no one else had gone to the rescue. The companions of the girl who had been taken by the hyena at once came out of their hut to go and see their friend who had come back from the grave, and to see also her brave defender and the wild beast that had been killed, the hyena on whose account they had not been able to eat their food in

peace. They went also to sing songs extolling Chaka and ridiculing Mfokazana.

As soon as Mfokazana heard what had happened he came out of his hut and started on the road to his home at Nobamba. But he saw that it was of no avail to go there, for they would hear the news before day-break and he would be all the more disgraced, for it would be said that shame had made him run away. At once, therefore, he determined to murder Chaka to spite those who praised him, and make them change their song of praise to a lament. 'Again and again,' he said, 'I have borne ridicule because of this son of Nandi, this dog. To-day I must remove him out of my path.'

Men were already running to Senzangakona as quickly as possible with the tidings. And some young men, companions of Dingana, rose up at once to go to Qube. And at the time when Mfokazana reached the place where the hyena had been killed, people were already gathered there in great numbers. Chaka was seated on the animal he had killed, softly wiping the blood from the handle of his spear and not saying a word. For his acts proclaimed him and the shouts of the people. And now the girl was really weeping, for she had just begun to see the terrible nature of the death from which she had been rescued, and to realize that she was the first who had ever escaped from the jaws of a hyena, that fearsome monster.

When Mfokazana arrived he struck Chaka on the head so that he fell forward on to his face. Chaka got up, seized his spear and stick, and thrust his way out of the crowd and then turned round. And as he turned he met Mfokazana who had been following him.

As soon as they saw each other Chaka struck Mfokazana on the head and caused him to fall. Mfokazana's friends and companions arrived, but Chaka fought man-

fully. With his stick he broke open the skull of one of the young men, and his brains poured out so that he died belching them forth like a man who has drunk too much 'joala'. And then Chaka, with the upward stroke of his stick, cut open the chin of another of the men and clove his jaw in two, so that his tongue was left hanging: the man died in great pain. Then, striking out to the side, Chaka gave another man a blow between the eye and the ear, and his eye came away from its socket and fell on the ground—a great lump, like a sheep's eye. And now the last of Chaka's adversaries, although his companions were all on the ground, took up the fight and advanced crouching. He was trying to get to the back of Chaka, but while he was doing this he stumbled and fell towards him. Chaka moved a little to one side, and as the man was passing him he struck him on the head and he fell on the ground on his face and died with his teeth biting the dust and a mortal wound in his head. Then Chaka had a chance to take breath, and seated himself again on the wild beast he had killed. And Mfokazana wandered about like a sheep that has had its throat cut, with blood pouring from his jaw and nose and ears: it did not seem that he could live.

When Dingana arrived and heard the tidings and saw Mfokazana on the ground, he at once attacked Chaka, for he thought that he must be tired. He knew that great glory would come to him if he killed Chaka, the bravest of the brave, and above all he realized that the chieftainship would be his when Mfokazana and Chaka were both dead. A few of the men of Qube stood by Chaka, and the fight began and many blows were exchanged. After a while the brother of the girl who had been carried off by the hyena, gave Dingana a severe wound which caused him much loss of blood, so that he became weak and sank

to the ground. At that moment the night came to an end and it was day, and Senzangakona arrived with his wives.

The men who told Senzangakona about the killing of the hyena only said, 'Your son killed it', and it was reported that Mfokazana was meant, and that was why the wives came too. When they arrived the fighting had ended, and they saw Chaka sitting on top of the hyena, which showed quite clearly that it was he who was the hero. They cast their eyes on all sides and saw Mfokazana and Dingana and others lying face downwards on the ground, and everywhere blood. They gave hoarse cries when they saw the dead hyena, and perceived that their children were dead as well, and that they had been killed by the son of Nandi. They demanded angrily that Chaka should be killed, and Senzangakona gave orders to all his men and the men of Qube, saying, 'Kill him'. And now we see, if we have not seen it before, that Chaka was indeed the hare whose ears are struck, an orphan, a buffalo standing alone; for all who saw him attacked him without any reason at all.

A few men of Qube and some young men who were there, gave themselves up to die with Chaka. Nandi's women companions sang a pitiful song, a song of death, they sang it weeping with tears pouring down their cheeks.

'Alas, alas. Ye spirits think of us.
Look upon us being killed in this way while ye are absent.
Alas, alas. The spirits are our witnesses, they are the witnesses of what happened in the fields.
Alas. Our Chief is without truth,
He is without truth, a chameleon.
But we have borne him a man child,
A man child and a conqueror of the mighty.

Alas, Senzangakona fears where he should love
And loves where he should despise.

The fight began. A lust to kill sprang up in Chaka when he heard his father order him to be murdered, and he fought now as if there was nothing he would not do, nothing was to be sacred to him, for he thought his father would have asked who was to blame. But when he heard the bare order, he defended himself with all his might. Up till then he had been fighting with his stick only, but now he began to use his spear.

In the fight his spear broke, and shortly after his stick as well. He leapt to one side to see where he could procure more weapons and found that he was quite alone—all who were on his side were lying on the ground. When he leapt to one side his enemies rushed at him in a body, and now he fled. And this was not a flight from the spear only, but was a flight to lose himself on the veld where he would never be seen again and never come back. He fled and went into the bush and hid there.

When Dingiswayo heard of it he fined Senzangakona some cattle, saying that he was teaching his warriors to be cowards. He told him to find Chaka quickly and send him to him alive, and not dead.

In this chapter we have seen that the fruit of sin is wondrous bitter, for we know that Chaka had not been to blame for what had happened, but none the less, his father had ordered him to be killed. The great crime which started everything was the sin of Nandi and Senzangakona; and Senzangakona fearing that what he had done might become known, had determined to kill his son. But if Senzangakona had not committed this shameful act in his youth, Chaka would have lived at his home in Nobamba, the beloved darling of his father.

Chapter Six

CHAKA MEETS ISANUSI

AT midday when Chaka was still in the bush, a pitiful wailing rose up from Qube's village. Chaka saw crowds of people, both men and women, moving about, together with people from neighbouring villages, who had been summoned by the shrieking which they had heard in the night when the hyena had gone off with the girl; they had been summoned, too, by the second event which had happened before that night had ended. The wailing which Chaka heard came from wives weeping for their husbands, and from others weeping for their brothers and their betrothed. All these were weeping only for their dead and took no thought for Senzangakona, but others were mourning for Chaka, thinking that his father must have been bewitched by some one who hated him bitterly, since he had cast out his own son without reason and without cause.

At midday the cattle and the goats in the kraals cried out for lack of food. The calves and the kids also cried for the milk of their mothers, and the dogs, too, howled through the village for their dead masters. Even the cocks helped to swell the din, but these were only imitating the other sounds. The combined noise of all these animals became unbearable: everything was upside down and in disorder, as when the great chief of a tribe dies; for when the queen-bee is dead even the animals know of it.

Chaka heard the cries of all these creatures, and longing as he did for the chieftainship he thought to himself, 'All this has happened because of me, and I am only small and weak. What will it be when I am a man and have the

power of a chief? I will have my revenge when my day dawns.'

In his mind he reviewed all his life since his childhood, and he found that it was evil, terrifying, fearsome. He thought of the time when he was herding the cattle and discovered that there was a plot against him, of how the boys attacked him in the fields, of his killing of the lion and the hyena, and he saw that on earth man lives by might and not by right. He saw that on earth the wise man, the strong man, the man who is admired and respected is the man who knows how to wield his spear, who, when people try to hinder him, settles the matter with his club. He resolved that from that time on he would do as he liked: whether a man was guilty or not he would kill him if he wished, for that was the law of man.

Chaka was always a man of fixed purpose, and was never in the habit of abandoning anything until he had brought it to an end in accordance with his wishes, however difficult it was. But until now his purposes had been good. Henceforth he had only one purpose—to do as he liked, even if it was wrong, and to take the most complete vengeance that he alone could imagine.

When evening came he left the bush and wandered over the country, not knowing where he was going. He crossed the Umhlatuza, the Tukela, and the Umvoti rivers, keeping always to the south, and in his flight he forgot Dingiswayo, the chief who loved him.

A few days later at midday, at the time when the shadows begin to grow small under their owners, he felt oppressed with the heat of the sun: the sweat poured down him, the ground burnt his feet, and he was obliged to look for some shade. There were many trees there but they were very scattered, and as he was looking around he saw one in front of him with broad branches, standing alone and far from

the others, and he went up to it. It was a very tall tree, and from the ground to above where a man could reach with his hand, the trunk was smooth and without branches. The first branches began above this and bent downwards to the ground in streamers like a willow; the upper branches spread out flat like a man's hand and made a broad shade. At the foot of the tree was a spring of cool refreshing water. Chaka was tired out when he reached it: his strength had gone because of his exertions and privations, his feet were swollen with the dew, his thoughts were confused and his head ached with much thinking. He drank at the spring and then ate a little of the meat which he had procured in the villages he had passed through, and washed it down with the spring water. Owing to his weariness he was beginning to doze, but he rose to his feet and looked carefully in all directions; then he glanced into the branches of the tree and threw a stone up into them. When he saw that there was nothing about anywhere, he rested against the tree and fell asleep.

He woke when the shadows were lengthening, and saw a witch-doctor standing by his side, regarding him with a strange expression. Chaka the man of action immediately became wide awake: he seized his spear, leapt back and stood away from the witch-doctor, for he was afraid that he had been nearly killed in his sleep. But he soon realized that this was no assassin, because the man must have been there some time before he woke, and could have killed him then had he wished. When sleep first left Chaka and his eyes lighted on the man he saw a mocking look on his face; his mouth was drawn down in a grimace, and in the depths of his eyes he could see unbounded malice and cruelty. He seemed to see a man far more evil than any sorcerer, more cruel by far than any murderer—the very father of malice, wickedness, and treachery.

Chaka's body shuddered and his eyes quivered. When he looked again he found the man's face full of pity and compassion and very sorrowful. And when he looked into the depths of his eyes he saw there perfect kindness, a sympathetic heart, and the truest love. The expression on his face which he had seen before had vanished entirely.

He was a man of middle age, beginning to turn grey, and Chaka saw at once by the medicine bags, the skunk's claws, the monkey skin, and the long plaits of hair that he was a witch-doctor. While Chaka stood there on his guard the witch-doctor put down his burden, sat down, took out his nose-spoon, cleared his nose, and then put the spoon back; took out his gourd of snuff, shook out a little and took it into his nose—sniff, sniff; then, finally, he spoke in a voice sweetened with the delicious flavour of the snuff, saying, 'Good morrow to thee of the chief's village. Come hither and let us hold converse.' As he spoke his voice issued forth with a satisfying sound, full of truth. There could be no doubt it came from a heart which knew no guile; it was not the voice of a deceiver, but of an honest man. Chaka drew near to him, saying, 'Good morrow to thee, too, but I come not from the chief's village, I come from a little village. I am a subject of those who are subjects of the chief.' The witch-doctor laughed softly and said, 'It were strange if thou wert not of the chief's village, for thy form and thy speech tell that thou art. Moreover, thou art not a man of these parts.' 'How canst thou see that I am not a man of these parts, since thou didst find me here?'

'I can see it by many things. I can see by thy feet that thou hast travelled a long way, and that most of thy journey was performed running. I can see from thy brow that for many days thou hast not slept soundly, and that

thou goest on thy way with a heart full of grief. Thy tired eyes tell me that for as many days as a man can count on one hand thou hast not had sufficient food. Tell the truth. Is it not so?'

Chaka was loth to answer, for he was afraid that the man had been following him. 'All that thou sayest is indeed so. Whence dost thou come and whither dost thou go? Where is thy home and how dost thou know my story?'

'The way in which thou speakest tells me that not only art thou of the chief's village, thou art the son of the chief. I will answer thy questions when I have ended my story. As I listened to thee I regarded thee with care, and I saw that thy right hand was wearied out with killing men, and that thou wast in flight. For that cause when thou didst see me thou didst leap up, because thou art afraid of all men. Further, thy manner of speaking tells me that thine upbringing has been hard. Is it not so?' And now Chaka was unable to answer for astonishment, and the witch-doctor said, 'Look me full in the eyes while I speak with thee.' They looked each other in the eyes. 'What drove thee here happened at night. Thou didst fight with a wild beast and kill it, and the wild beast was a hyena. I see that it is so by the hair that has remained on thy blanket. Some days before thou hadst killed another wild beast. Lo! I see it. Thou art disowned by thy father who is afraid of his women. To-day thou hast escaped from a great danger, for thou wast marked for death.'

When the witch-doctor had finished speaking Chaka drew aside his blanket, letting his belly appear and the scars upon it of his inoculation, and the witch-doctor saw them. Again Chaka asked the questions he had asked before, and the witch-doctor said, 'It is human for thee to think I have heard thy story from another, but it is not so. But

to satisfy thee I will tell thee a small matter that is known to thee alone. On the hair of thy forelock there is medicine, and it is to bring good luck and the chieftainship. When thou didst draw aside thy blanket I saw, I who have the gift of vision and perception, I the wise one, that thou hast been visited by a great chief coming from the dead, from those who are on high, and that chief rejoices in thee. Further, my eyes which can see the past, have seen that thou wast sore afraid when the chief was with thee, so that thou didst keep thy hand clasping this lock of hair as thou wast commanded by the woman witch-doctor who is now no more.'

The reader can imagine Chaka's astonishment when secrets were wrested from him that were known to him alone, and at this point he leapt in the air for joy, and was like a man who dreams. He rejoiced that this light which had come from afar had dawned upon him; a sudden ray of it had fallen on his heart and lit it up. Joy and delight came then to him for the first time and soothed his wounded spirit. He thought that this man must doubtless be the diviner of whose coming he had been told, and he saw and believed that if it was really he his fortunes would change, for it was clear that this man could indeed divine out of his head. Then he again asked the question which he had asked twice or thrice before, and said, 'I asked thee a question, but I perceive that maybe thou dost not wish to answer it. Whence comest thou and whither dost thou go?'

The witch-doctor took his stick and pointed to the sky above and said, 'Ngivela kudele' ('I come from far away'). And he was silent for a long while, looking upwards to the sky where he had pointed, and then he sighed. Chaka said, 'What meanest thou by pointing upwards yonder? Dost thou come from the clouds?' 'Nay, by pointing

upwards yonder I would show to thee the distance I have come, for if I pointed to those mountains or were to say, I came from far beyond them, thou wouldst not be able to understand how far it is that I have come.' Chaka's brow cleared and his face lit up, for he remembered how it had been said that a witch-doctor would come from far, far away. And he went on with his questioning. 'At this moment whither goest thou? Thou hast not answered all my questions.'

'At this moment I am going . . . I am going . . . Give heed, Chaka'—and now he called him by his name so that he might perceive that the man with whom he was speaking knew him through and through—'Give heed, Chaka, I have not space to speak with thee on trifles, for there are many lands in front of me and broad expanses which I must traverse. Many are distressed and persecuted and cannot attain their hearts' desires. Many chiefs wait for me to arrive and give them aid, the fullest aid, and I wish soon to return to my home, and my home is far.' And again the witch-doctor was silent for a while as he gazed upward into the sky where he had pointed before, and then he said: 'I have told thee thy story which is known to thee alone, and if thou dost not yet know me, or if thy thoughts have changed, thou must tell me, so that I may pass on and go to those who await me.'

When Chaka heard these words he was nearly mad with joy and said, 'Art thou he who is to end my . . . ' His voice trembled and he could not speak, for his heart was full, for he saw that there in the wilds, in the desert, in his abandonment, he had met with him whom he had long given up for lost—the man by whom all promises were to be fulfilled. While these thoughts were passing through Chaka's mind the witch-doctor gazed fixedly at him and strove to penetrate his heart and read his deepest secrets.

And for answer he only shook his head; but when he saw his distress he said, 'Doubt no more. I am here.' The tone in which he said these words showed that a real man was speaking, one who had the power to do as he had promised. Chaka was convinced and satisfied, and all his doubts fled away. He felt the heavy weight pressing on his heart to be removed and fall to the ground, and he was lightened. He felt, too, as if some ray of light had settled on the place where the burden had been on his heart, and he saw clearly that the chieftainship was for him —he had obtained it to-day, and it would never escape him now that he had it.

Then the witch-doctor said, 'First, before we go further in the matter, I would ask thee if thou wilt bind thyself to observe all my commandments to the full? I ask it because there is nothing I can do unless thou bind thyself in this way.' It is the rule in cases like this or in prescribing medicines for sterility or disease that the witch-doctor should insist that his patient undertake to carry out his orders, although, if he thinks what he commands is too difficult, he can still refuse. The rule is thus, because if the patient leaves without having definitely refused to obey, the witch-doctor can claim his fee even if his services have been of no avail.

Chaka replied, 'I bind myself to observe whatsoever commandments thou mayest give.'

'My commandments and my laws are hard, but since thou desirest the chieftainship, which is a hard thing, it is clear that the gaining of it must be hard and difficult, and must demand the greatest sacrifices.' Again Chaka swore that if any man could perform them he would, however difficult they might be. Then the witch-doctor said: 'It is well. I have told thee that thou shouldst take heart, for I am here. And now I say that all thy troubles

and persecutions are a thing that is past, and the good fortune thou wast promised in thy youth will begin from to-day; thou shalt prosper in all thy acts. Now tell me the desires of thy heart and what thou dost wish most of all that I should lay my wand upon.'

'I have not many desires, but my heart longs for the chieftainship to which I was born and which is escaping me through my ill fortune alone. I bid thee, work upon me so that the chieftainship may return to me.'

'I understand thee. Thou desirest only the chieftainship of thy father; beyond that thou desirest naught. A chieftainship greater than that of thy father thou dost not desire. Is that thy request or do I err?'

'Nay, that is what I desire. But if thou canst make me a mighty chief and independent, one to whom the smaller chiefs would do homage, great will be my gratitude. But, my witch-doctor, tell me truly what thou canst do. For often ye doctors promise men wonders that ye know well ye will not be able to perform.'

'Trust in me, I will not deceive thee. Thou hast, I think, some knowledge of man's life on earth, the injustice and the quarrelling, the hatred and the violence. And from to-day thou must put away from thee all mercy and compassion, for he who shows these qualities is lost. I will not stay long with thee. I will work upon thee and then I will go my way, and thou must remain behind and win for thyself the chieftainship thou desirest.

Chapter Seven

ISANUSI DOCTORS CHAKA

WHEN Chaka had given his full consent the witch-doctor began his work. First, he cut Chaka's forelock where he had been inoculated, saying that he did it because Chaka was as yet too weak to receive the potent medicines of chieftainship. He then inoculated him on the chest, and rubbed in the medicines with his eyes shut, saying all the while: 'Ye spirits of all who have gone before, of all who departed from the earth before their time, greet him, receive him, bring him all good fortune such as those others have obtained, and let it lie upon him as the dew lies upon the ground. In his wake let there be a downpour of rain, making the land muddy and marshy. Let his enemies all scatter before him when he appears, as the morning mist is dried up and scattered when the sun rises.'

When he had made an end he washed the medicine in the water and then clapped his hands together, pointing them at the spot on which Chaka had been inoculated. And when the drops of water reached Chaka's scars his whole body quivered and became numb, and his scars swelled and increased; but when the witch-doctor ceased the scars subsided and returned to their former state. The doctor said that this was a true medicine to bring good fortune, and that Chaka would never again be inoculated with another of that kind.

The second thing the witch-doctor did was to pierce Chaka's forehead just where the hair began, and to lift up the skin. Then he inserted a medicine made of a little powder mixed with part of a crocodile's brains. While he did this hurriedly his eyes were staring; he said that this was the medicine of chieftainship, that all who saw Chaka

would tremble and kneel before him, and when he was angry the timid would die of fright. His commands would be heard, and if any were slow to fulfil them others would tear them to pieces with never a word from Chaka. None would be able to meet his gaze in war. The witch-doctor said he had not the remaining medicine with him; it was one that caused bloodshed and murder. 'It is very evil, but of great power. Choose.' He left all to Chaka's will, but he told him that the medicine was indeed evil, and did not disguise it. Then he stood to one side so that Chaka might do as he wished.

'I desire it,' said Chaka. And now the decision had been made: of his own free will Chaka had chosen death in place of life.

When Chaka spoke the witch-doctor gazed at him in silence, and then said, 'So be it. Let us go and seek it.'

There was a certain tree in those days in Kafirland standing alone on the veld, deserted. It was said that if any one wished to cut it he must prepare himself with medicines immediately before going to the tree, for if he tried to cut it without having prepared himself he would perish instantly. It was said that when a man struck it, it cried out like a young kid, and its sap was like blood. When a man cut it he had to be stripped and naked. It was an enchanted tree, for if a man did but put a branch of it on the windward side of a house, all the inhabitants of that house died. And it was kept on the open veld like certain other dangerous medicines. Report went that if any part of this tree was cut away it dried up at once; life-giving power went out of it with the medicine that had been taken from it.

With the medicine of this tree the witch-doctor inoculated Chaka's right hand, mingling it with other medicines and with snake poison. He made two cuts in

the flesh above the hand in a line with the long middle finger, two on the knuckles, and two on the thumb. He did the same with the left hand, except that he made no cuts: he only pretended to use his knife and rubbed the medicine in instead. And when the medicine reached the spot where the witch-doctor had pretended to use his knife, the pain was terrible, piercing, so that Chaka shed tears. The witch-doctor worked the remaining medicine into a paste and gave it to Chaka, saying that whenever he came back from the river he should anoint himself with it as with fat, and should rub it well into the scars.

And last of all the witch-doctor found a tree far away on the sea-shore and cut two branches from it. With the first he made a club for Chaka, scraping out the pith for a short way above the stump of the stick and inserting that evil medicine instead. With the second he made a spear having a short handle so that it could not be thrown, again inserting that fearsome medicine in a hole at its end. And then he scorched the spear for Chaka in the fire. And even when he had finished he again anointed the handle of the spear with the medicine where the handle joins the blade, and then put on the piece of skin that fastens the two together. The colour of that tree when it was peeled was very beautiful: it was brown and shining, and when the light fell upon it, it appeared wet, and glistened.

When all was at an end they retraced their steps towards Dingiswayo's village, and on the way the witch-doctor urged Chaka to obey Dingiswayo with a true obedience and to work for him with joy, for it was through him that he would win the chieftainship he sought. He also said he would not come often to Chaka for he had much else to do. 'But if aught should occur and thou dost need me at once, when thou goest to the river on

thy day, do thou anoint thyself with the medicine I gave thee and then enter the water, and I shall hear and know that I am required. But if thou dost wish me to hasten to thee when thy time is still afar off, do thou go to the river on the morning before thy day or at any time when danger doth appear. Thou must draw a reed from the river and peel it, and then enter the water and bathe; and when thou hast finished bathing thou must anoint the reed with this same medicine and plant it in the water. And then thou must call upon me in a whisper, softly, speaking the name "Isanusi" into the midst of the reed, and then thou must cast the reed into the midst of the water. All this thou must do having thine eyes shut. I will hear and will know that I am needed at once. And if thine enemies press thee hard in war and thou seest that death is at hand, do thou with the end of thy spear, where the medicine is, strike thy forehead where I pierced thee with the medicine: let medicine strike on medicine; and do thou say "Isanusi". Help shall come to thee in the twinkling of an eye; thine enemies shall flee when they hear that word.'

'Witch-doctor, we have been many days together and we have thought of one thing only, but thou hast not yet told me thy name. Who art thou?'

'Neither hast thou told me thine; I found it for myself by my wisdom. When thou callest on me thou shalt say "Isanusi".'

'But "Isanusi" is not thy name: it tells me only *what* thou art (diviner), but I ask thy name.'

''Tis true, but "Isanusi" is my name, even as my acts are the acts of an "Isanusi".'

'I thought to ask thee, Isanusi, how many days wilt thou take to come after I have called thee?'

'It will be according to where I am when thou dost call me. If I am close at hand I will come quickly, but if I am

far away it is clear that I shall tarry a little. But fear not that I shall tarry overmuch, that perchance thou wilt be in peril: fear not at all for that. Further, if I am delayed I will send one of my companions to thee, for it is my intention that when thou hast taken to thyself the chieftainship, one of them shall come and abide with thee and watch over thee for me.'

'But witch-doctor, thy name . . .'

'Thou shalt not say "witch-doctor" when thou speakest with me, but "Isanusi". Take heed that thou call not upon me as "witch-doctor" for then I should not hear thy call.'

'But thou art a witch-doctor, art thou not?'

'I am, but my name is "Isanusi". That is the name I use when I speak with the dead, and they know me by it.'

'I thought to ask thee, Isanusi, will thy companions know where I am?'

'They will.'

'How?'

'How was it that I knew? In the way that I knew they will know. I wish thee to know this clearly: the great chief who visited thee in the river is a man of war. If thou dost not spill blood he will take no pleasure in thee. The medicine with which I inoculated thee is a medicine of blood. If thou dost not spill much blood it will turn its potency against thee and compass thy death. Thy work is to kill without mercy, fashioning thyself a road to thy glorious chieftainship.'

'And then, witch-doctor . . .'

'Thou shalt not call me witch-doctor, but Isanusi.'

'When I said "and then", Isanusi, I meant that thou need have no fear for me, for different altogether from in former time have been my thoughts to-day. I see now clearly what is man's life on earth, and I will cause it to be such that men will learn to live rightly. If only my

spear had not been broken when they fought against me at my home I should have won for myself fame, and the name of Chaka only would have been remembered in the years to come; the old men would have told their grandchildren of how I fought and conquered the people, though I was but one, and the young men would have been bidden to fight "like Chaka". My name would have been remembered for ever, long after I had changed to dust in the grave. Oh, my spear will vex the people.'

'I see thou dost not desire the chieftainship alone; thou longest for fame also stretching to the ends of the earth, such fame that when thy deeds are spoken of they will sound like fables. This fame thou dost crave for as for the chieftainship itself.'

'Yea, fame is sweet. I would not be content if I were a great chief but without fame. And the fame I seek is fame in war, where spears are wielded, and big men with thick necks and mighty warriors perish. I desire that I myself may win my chieftainship that my fame may grow the more.'

'Chaka, I tell thee that there is nothing that can overcome a man. If thou art a *man* thou wilt know how to use thy spear, and all will be according to thy desire. It is by the spear that men acquire cattle, it is the spear that bringeth fame, and by it chiefs rule, for he who knoweth not to use the spear *he* is ruled. The prudent cultivator is he who knows the seasons, who, when the right month has come, abandons the drinking of beer and feasting and rises early to go to his field, recking naught of the cold or the heat of the sun, but desiring only that the right time may not pass him by. If thou desirest the chieftainship and fame, be like unto him: cultivate them. Let thy spear be thy plough: do thou use it, and use it with understanding. Where it is needful thou must

crush and sweep clean, allowing no enemy to live and rise up against thee after. Root out the weeds from the field of thy chieftainship by war, and thy fame will grow. When thou comest to Dingiswayo thou wilt come to a land where the spear is all powerful and the warrior is esteemed. And my last command, Chaka, is to bid thee work manfully with thy spear, that when we meet again thou mayest tell me the great things thou hast done and whether thou hast found favour with Dingiswayo.'

When they drew nigh to Dingiswayo's village they parted, for Isanusi said he did not wish to meet with Dingiswayo since they hated one another.

Chapter Eight

CHAKA COMES TO DINGISWAYO. HE KILLS A MADMAN

THE WAR AGAINST ZWIDE'S COUNTRY

ABOUT two months had now elapsed between the time when Chaka fled from his home and the time when he parted from Isanusi; that is to say, those who were mourning for him had already taken off their mourning, but Dingiswayo was still gathering together witch-doctors and diviners so that they might divine where Chaka was—a sign that he loved him dearly.

When Chaka left his home in flight he left it as Chaka, a man like other men with the weaknesses of his kind. But now he was returning entirely changed. It was his body only that returned, his outward appearance; his inner nature he left in the place from which he had come. He returned with a different spirit and a different soul. Even before Chaka had been a man of extraordinary endurance. He persevered, however difficult a thing might be, until he finished it and fulfilled his heart's desire: nothing could stop him from carrying out his intentions. But he was still only a man, he was not quarrelsome, and did not know what it was to be the aggressor. But after seeing his own father's sons trying to kill him without a cause and his father himself taking their part, he had fled away, and when he was in the desert his inner nature died, and this was the spirit with which he now returned: 'I will kill without a cause him whom I wish to kill, be he guilty or be he innocent, for this is the law upon earth. I will hearken to the entreaties of none.' Truly Chaka returned with all spirit of humanity gone out of him. To kill was his sole aim, and he deter-

mined to settle all disputes, all quarrels with his stick alone: he would kill the aggressor and the aggressed together. When he returned his thoughts were of war without end. He would kill both his enemies and his own people in a way that none would ever know. This terrible desire for revenge in his heart was nearly driving him demented.

The sun was already descending towards the mountains and the shadows of the afternoon were lengthening out, the cattle were already in the open place of the village, and the women were returning from the springs when Chaka came to the entrance of the capital of Dingiswayo. When he came there he sat down on the ground that he might obtain rest and refreshment, and he heard people in the court chanting aloud in chorus, 'Siyavuma' ('We agree'), while the witch-doctor in his divinations was telling how Chaka had disappeared from sight and would never be seen again for he had been done to death; for this was the conclusion to which all the witch-doctors had come. But one of the diviners confirmed his divination with an oath and swore by Dingiswayo, and said that Chaka was alive and would return to his chief one day.

Chaka heard all this, and as he cast his eyes up to the village he saw a company of women coming from near the court, and among them his mother Nandi, looking very thin and weak like one who has been ill for many years. And when the sun sank beneath the ground he entered the village, entered it in haste, stepping lightly like a young man. He greeted the chief's guard, and in answer to their questions as to whence he came and whither he went he said that he came from far away in the south, and that he desired to see Dingiswayo and speak with him. They said he should tell them what it was he desired, and he said, 'Tell the chief that there is a vagabond here

desiring to be received and protected by him. It is not a man; it is a hare that has escaped from the dogs. Those who see him kill him without cause and without waiting to speak to him. He has become a brother to the owl. But he is a man-child, his hand knows how to grasp weapons of war, and he can fight in the chief's battles. But if the chief fears what may befall because of me, let him tell me that I may hasten to pass on, for terrible are the dangers that pursue me'.

Night had now fallen and it was impossible to see clearly. And Dingiswayo came to Chaka and said, 'Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou? Where is thy home, and what thy name?'

'My lord, at this moment I come from wandering over the land fleeing from the spear. I come to thee to beg protection. My home is in the village of Senzangakona, and my name is Chaka.' There was silence in the court, not a sound could be heard, when Chaka began to speak. When he had finished all the men stood up and surrounded him with cries of joy when they heard that he was Chaka, the hero for whom their chief had long mourned. And one of those surrounding Chaka and Dingiswayo kept praising his divining bones which had found out Chaka, whispering and signing repeatedly to Dingiswayo that he alone had been right in saying that Chaka was alive and would return one day to his chief: and so it had come about.

Dingiswayo, instead of answering Chaka, sent to the enclosure of the hut to fetch Nandi, the mother of Chaka. And when Nandi came he again asked him, saying, 'Young man, whence dost thou say thou comest? And whither is it that thou goest? Where is thy home and what is thy name?' 'My lord, at this moment I come from wandering over the land and fleeing from the spear'

—Nandi's ears pricked up, straining to hear, and she cast her eyes into the darkness to see who spoke—'I come to thee to beg protection'—Nandi cried 'Oh, oh', a pitiful wail, and fell to the ground in a faint. At the same moment a cry rang out from the enclosure of the hut from which Nandi had been brought, and the women that were her companions came, wailing as they ran. They had been summoned by the voice they knew so well, the voice of him whom they had long given up for dead. And a man in the crowd was saying, 'Then the doctor's bones were right after all', mentioning the name of the witch-doctor who had persevered in praising his divining bones.

Now there was a madman on the veld in the bush, living in the caves near the Umfolosi, who caused loss to the people by devouring their goats and cattle. It seems that he was possessed by evil spirits such as those we hear of in the Scriptures, and when people pursued him to recover from him what they had lost he used to injure them and kill any he could. Any one he captured he impaled alive on a stake or a tree, as the butcher bird does, and he was very greatly feared for this reason. But Kafirs have always a great dread of madmen, and even the bravest will flee if a madman shows fight.

The day after Chaka arrived this madman did great damage among Dingiswayo's herds. He hemmed them in on difficult ground, and when he tried to procure one to slaughter a great many of them fell, and an ox of beautiful colour, much admired at feasts, which was the pride of Dingiswayo's kraal, was killed. When his herd-boys came and told him at midday Dingiswayo was very sad, for only a few days before this same madman had devoured an ox of his that was exceedingly well trained and was an adornment to his herd. Dingiswayo was at a

loss to know how to kill the madman, and among all the companies of warriors that he had with him, there was no one with the courage to face the man.

Chaka was present when the herdboys brought the tidings to the chief, and when he saw that no one would go he rose up and went himself. And Dingiswayo followed him with a large number of men, giving the strictest orders that none should run away: the madman must be killed, he had tried their patience too long. Chaka himself was at his wits' end. He thought that if he could kill this madman the achievement would bring him peace and quiet in the village, and would be a speedy means of bringing him to the notice of the chief. And if he was killed by the madman it was no matter; he was already as good as dead, for his life was such a hard one. And he thought perchance the madman would be his salvation.

When they reached the bush where the madman was they began to go in single file. When they were above the caves that formed his abode they saw him come out, singing his praises and brandishing his spears. Then all scattered and fled. Chaka hesitated for a while, but at last he too fled. When they had all emerged from the bush he stood up and turned round, and he saw that the men were in a long line with the madman in pursuit, stabbing at them as he ran and killing them: none resisted, for all thought he had an 'itongo' (evil spirit). When the madman approached Chaka made as though to run away, and as the madman realized now that he was feared and that none would fight him he came on all unprepared for resistance. His spear was raised in the air, ready to strike, and he was unprepared for defence, for he saw that Chaka had no spears and that he was only a boy. Suddenly Chaka jumped to one side and the spear

struck the ground, and before the madman could pull it out Chaka had struck him in a vital spot and killed him.

This madman was the first man that Chaka killed with the short spear made for him by Isanusi.

Dingiswayo from a distance saw what Chaka had done, and then he came to him, and all the people were astonished at Chaka's hardihood. How had he been able to overcome the madman whose eyes were terrible to look upon, great balls of fire? And all knew now for the first time that the stories told of Chaka, of his killing the lion and the werewolf, could not have been exaggerated. From the very moment of his arrival the son of Senzangakona made a great name for himself by this killing of the madman, and the people honoured him.

The third day after Chaka arrived Dingiswayo left his village with his regiments to go and meet with Zwide, who had been harassing him with raids. Chaka was placed among the chief's regiments, as a common soldier, and was delighted, for he thought that these must be the wars that he had been promised would win him the chieftainship he was seeking. He went, therefore, with joy, not like a man going to war where strong men and heroes perish. He resembled rather a man going to a merry feast at which the one he loved was to be present. He went with only one spear in his hand and no knobkerrie or battle-axe, and on the day when they were to depart, when Dingiswayo was making his speech to them before the battle, Chaka was almost weeping with vexation at the delay. When they began to leave the village, after leaping through the magical fire, Chaka was uplifted with joy and his hand ceased to itch, for it had been paining him like the teeth of a hunting-dog eager to hunt. Chaka was in the first band of the Black Shields.

When they joined battle Zwide's men advanced

shouting their war-songs, confident of victory. When the rival forces drew nigh one of Zwide's warriors leapt forward and repeated his chief's praises again and again, and darted from one end of the line to the other. He then rejoined his companions and repeated the performance many times. When he was close to Dingiswayo's men he seized his spear and poised it, pointing it at them. And at the moment when he had made an end of his praises amid the chorus of the whole army, the battle began, and Zwide's men advanced at a run.

Chaka's company, as it was in front, was sent forward first, and when the fight grew hot it fled, leaving Chaka alone surrounded by the enemy. When Dingiswayo saw his men flee he sent up more and more supports to the rescue, so that Chaka might not be killed. Farther and farther into the thick of the fight went the son of Senzangakona, laying men low with his short spear, and great gaps appeared wherever he was. He struck with his spear, and used his left hand to parry the blows. Dingiswayo could only see the black shield of the son of Senzangakona getting blacker and blacker in the midst of the fight where mighty men were falling and his brown spear becoming red with the blood of the foe.

At midday Zwide's army broke and fled in all directions, and Chaka scattered them with his spear as they fled. After a while he found himself alone with the fleeing foe, and they fell upon him and pressed him hard. Again Dingiswayo commanded two companies to run forward and quickly to confront Zwide's men, so as to make safe Chaka's retreat. At that moment all Zwide's men began to notice that Chaka was amongst them, but the two companies were already close at hand but hidden. And now Chaka was attacked by about ten of the enemy at once. He threw them into difficulties and darted away

with unbelievable speed, killing as he went. At first they took little heed of him because he was alone, but soon they were striving hard to kill him, for he had killed so many of their number. As he was darting about Chaka tripped and fell, and before he could rise again two men were upon him with their spears and knobkerries. In his panic Chaka called upon the name that he loved, he called upon it in his extremity when death was nigh —'Isanusi'. As he uttered the name he quickly drew up his feet and kicked at the warrior whose spear was poised above him ready to strike. He kicked him with his two feet (while still on the ground) under the knees, and he fell on the spot where Chaka had been when he drew up his feet. The second man brought down his huge terrible club and broke open his companion's head and scattered his brains. At the same moment Chaka, from behind, caught hold of the man with the club and threw him violently to the ground and sprang upon him and took away his spear and club.

At that very moment other men of Zwide's arrived, and, thinking that Chaka was the one on the ground, in their haste they killed their own man. This enabled Chaka to regain his weapons, and before they realized what they had done he had killed others of them, and they only saw that they had been fighting amongst themselves when the company sent to rescue Chaka appeared; and Zwide's men fled, one of them in possession of Chaka's shield, which he had taken when Chaka was lying on the ground. When Chaka saw the shield in the man's hand he pursued him at full speed, but it became clear that his enemy was his equal in speed, for the distance between them did not lessen but rather increased. In Chaka's eyes it was the greatest possible disgrace for a man to return from a battle having lost his shield or his

spear (this is also the view of the Basuto), for a man should suffer death rather than allow his shield to be taken. Therefore Chaka cried out again 'Isanusi'. As he uttered his cry Zwide's warrior tripped and stumbled and fell and turned a somersault; and when he rose he fell again on his neck. As he was rising from the ground again Chaka reached him and struck him before he could recover, and this time he fell to rise no more. And then Zwide's warriors scattered and fled.

Chapter Nine

NDLEBE AND MALUNGA COME TO CHAKA

CHAKA was accustomed to tell his mother everything concerning the medicines given him by the witch-doctor, and what is especially remarkable is that he did not tell her of his meeting with Isanusi or what he had done to him and what he had promised. He only said that the witch-doctor of whom they had been told had met him and worked upon him, and he minimized the whole affair, telling only the outlines. Perhaps (we say 'perhaps' because we do not know if this was the reason), perhaps he was afraid to tell his mother fully of Isanusi because he thought in his heart that Isanusi was a sorcerer, and that his mother might bid him have nothing to do with him. But it was nothing to Chaka if the man was a sorcerer or not, if only he could procure from him the right medicines and the chieftainship that he desired. His one intention now was to do whatever would bring him to the chieftainship, however evil an act it might be.

After this war with Zwide, Dingiswayo fought many other wars with the surrounding tribes and continued to overcome them, and then he ceased in order to give his warriors rest. When Zwide saw this he thought that the number of Dingiswayo's warriors must have decreased and that he was only waiting to fill the gaps with a new band of young men; accordingly, he determined to go to war at once. At that time Zwide gathered together his whole tribe—men and youths, old men and young boys just beginning to wield a spear; even those who always stayed at home were made to come. This was the plan of campaign. Zwide was to go forward first to meet Dingiswayo, and when the battle was joined he was to turn in flight. He would retreat and then attack, again and again,

until he drew Dingiswayo into a gorge where he had hidden his reinforcements in the bush who would come to his aid: for on this occasion Zwide had invited the aid of another chief. When Zwide reached the reinforcements he was to slacken in flight, still keeping up his resistance, until Dingiswayo's men had passed the appointed place. Then the reserve troops were to rise up and appear in the enemy's rear, and at that moment Zwide would return to the attack, and Dingiswayo would be surrounded on all sides: none would be able to escape, for below the path along which Zwide was to flee were the steep cliffs of the gorge down which none could go—unless he were thrust over.

It was at this juncture, when Zwide was still deliberating war, that a happening of great importance to Dingiswayo and his people took place, although they did not know of it.

Early on the morning of his day Chaka rose up early to go to the river. And when he had made an end of anointing himself and was about to leave the water, as he was going up, he saw two young men of very dissimilar appearance. They were sitting on their haunches above the bank of the river where Chaka was about to pass. They were silent, they were not speaking to each other, and both were looking at Chaka. Chaka looked at them and they looked hard at him, and he discovered that he had never seen men anything like them before; they were of an entirely different race of men. One of them, from the appearance of his eyes and features, was quite clearly a quick and energetic young man, a warrior with experience of war. It was easy for Chaka to see that without any doubt he did not belong to Kafirland: he saw that he came from a tribe far, far away, at the ends of the earth, from a tribe of giants and mighty men. And yet even

among such a tribe Chaka saw that this young man would be able to scatter the people with his spear and cast them to the ground, winning for himself fame among the strongest of that far land.

Sitting there on his haunches he had the appearance of being able to run with the swiftness of an animal of the veld, with the swiftness of a whirlwind. He was muscular with swelling calves. His eyes were piercing and did not flinch when they looked at a man, they were the eyes of one reared in a chief's village among many people, of one who was accustomed to look upon men of all nations and tribes. The loin-cloth he wore was beautifully made. He had a circlet of porcupine quills on his head and copper bangles on his arms, and it was clear that he was not only a brave man but an accomplished man, a hero beloved of the daughters of men.

The second young man seemed 'flabby' with drooping ears and a loose mouth. His ears were the largest ever seen, like caves to receive the wind, or rather the tidings and talk of men. His eyes were watery, full of deceit and treachery. They could not meet another's eyes; they were weak. And even when they looked at any one they did not seem like the eyes of a human being, but like the eyes of an image. His hair was curled, flapping over his eyes and down his neck in plaits, which increased his evil appearance and made him look an idiot. He had high cheek bones and hollow cheeks and a protruding lower jaw. His hands were extremely long and broad but thin, which showed that he had the grip of a blind man, who does not let go when once he has a hold. His shins were long and his feet thin and sinewy. The appearance of his legs and flanks showed that he was a wonderfully swift runner. The skin on his feet was parched, and chaps covered his heels and even the soles of his feet.

When Chaka first saw them this second young man was bending to the ground, but when Chaka's eyes alighted on him this deformed one rose and lifted his head and looked this way and that impatiently. His ears became bigger and rounder than ever, his eyes still more full of guile and falsehood. He stepped around like an ostrich and then sat down again. The other young man was holding a spear and short shield like Chaka's, and when Chaka's eyes alighted upon *him* he waved his spear gently from side to side, his face became set and hard, the muscles of his body stiffened and his eyes blazed. Then Chaka saw clearly that these were not men whom he might fight; he would have no success there. So Chaka went back again into the water, afraid, and drew a reed from the river and peeled it. And when he called upon Isanusi, the idiot stood up, looked this way and that, stretched his neck, and then sat down again. Then the intelligent looking one said, 'Chaka, trouble not thyself to call upon Isanusi. We are thy friends and no enemies. We are the enemies of thy enemies. Come up that thou mayest hear the tidings.' When he spoke thus there was power in his voice, so that whomsoever he addressed could not but hear him and hasten to fulfil his command. Furthermore, it was clear that he spoke with the mouth of a leader accustomed to give commands to mighty regiments of men.

When Chaka heard them calling him by his name and heard them speak of Isanusi, whose existence was a secret of which Chaka alone knew, and when he perceived that they called him at the moment when he was calling upon Isanusi, which showed that they knew that he was calling upon him, then he believed indeed that they had come from his witch-doctor. He came up joyfully when he perceived that these strange men had come to him, sent

by Isanusi to be his friends. He greeted them, and at once asked their tidings like a man who desires and is eager to ask.

'What are the tidings from Isanusi? Is Isanusi well? How did ye know that I was here at the river? And whence do ye come so early in the morning?'

'Our tidings: we have been sent by Isanusi to dwell with thee. He is still well. We knew that thou wast here because it is thy day. We come from the veld near by.'

'But how did ye know that I was at the river and at this place?'

'We knew because we are the companions of Isanusi and can see in the darkness and where all is hidden. We can hear from afar and can read the thoughts of a man's heart.'

As soon as they began to speak to one another the idiot stood up and went behind the other and sat with his back to him, watching. Chaka asked what he was doing and they said:

'Always when we speak of things that are secret we act thus, so that one may watch from behind and the other from in front, so that none may creep up to us unawares and hear our secrets.'

'What is thy name?' Chaka asked the idiot.

'Ndlebe.'

'Ndlebe. What meaneth it, or is it because thy ears are large?'

'It is because I hear well.'

'Thou dost hear well?'

'Yea.'

'What dost thou hear?'

'All that ears can hear.'

'Thou too wast sent to me?'

'Yea.'

'What wilt thou do?'

'I will hearken to tidings and secrets for thee, so that none may perchance plot secretly against thee.'

Chaka was doubtful of this idiot who spoke to him while bending to the ground and who refused to look him in the eyes; who gave short answers like one who has no love for speech. But he was soon convinced that he had indeed come in the way that he had said.

'Who art thou?' he asked the other.

'Men call me Malunga.'

'What dost thou call thyself, since thou sayest others call thee Malunga?'

'I do not call myself by any name, for a man does not take a name for himself: he is given it by others.'

'What are thy tidings about which thou hast come?'

'Methinks we have already answered thy question: we come to abide with thee and watch over thee and be near thee in war, for a mighty war is at hand in which thou wilt win glory in the eyes of thy chief, greater glory than thou hast already won. We will stand by thee in these wars. Ndlebe will be thy ears and will hear all tidings for thee. I will be thy right hand and will fight for thee. But Ndlebe and I will both be present when the battle has been joined and the fight is thick. In times of peace when there is no war I will abide with thee and we will take counsel together, and if thou dost wish for aught in thy heart thou must tell it me, and it is I who will seek out the means by which thy desire may be accomplished and all come to pass as thou dost wish. Ndlebe will sit in the home of the chief and abide in his presence, and men will speak freely while he is there and will heed him not, for thou thyself seest that he seems but half a man. Nay, but I tell thee he is wholly a man, a man indeed. Furthermore, the time when thou must return to thy home and win thy

chieftainship is at hand. Such were the reasons that made Isanusi say it was good for us to come here to be nigh thee.'

When Chaka heard that the time for him to win his chieftainship was at hand he could not speak for joy, and he mused in his heart how pleasant it would be when he, Chaka, the rejected of his father, came and sat in his father's seat, and what would be his revenge upon his enemies at that time. Merely to kill them, he thought, was far too small a thing; they were deserving of more than death.

They went homewards, and as he walked Chaka asked them of the war they had said was at hand, and all they told him he believed, because they were the companions of Isanusi. Here again is the second thing that causes us astonishment. Chaka did not tell his mother of the coming of these men, but only said that he had found an idiot to carry his blanket. He did not tell her fully whence they came or what brought them, and he spoke only of one and kept the other a secret. We ask again who were Isanusi and his companions that Chaka hid everything about them from his mother? His way had always been to tell all tidings to her, both good and bad.

Chapter Ten

CHAKA CAPTURES ZWIDE

AS was right, Chaka caused Ndlebe and Malunga to appear before Dingiswayo so that he might know them, and said: 'Chief, ever since I came hither in flight I have been alone, but to-day there have come from my home two young men who are my subjects. One carries my blanket; he is an idiot. The other is my friend and has come to see me, and I have caused them to appear before thee that thou mayest know them and not wonder who they are when thou seest them.' They were called and came forward. And as soon as they appeared Dingiswayo shuddered and rose from the ground in fear. When they had departed he said, 'Chaka, dost thou say that these two men come from thy home?'

'Yea, chief.'

'Didst thou know them in thy youth, or have they become known to thee but lately?'

'I was reared with them, chief.'

'I ask it because one is an idiot without doubt, and is not fit even to carry thy blanket. The second I do not like, for his eyes are deceitful, full of guile and treachery. Take him hence, I fear him; he is indeed evil. Dost thou say thou didst know him also in thy youth?'

'Yea, chief.'

This is the first occasion on which we find Chaka telling a lie. We know that throughout his youth and during his childhood he was accustomed always to speak the truth. The beginning was when he hid from his mother his meeting with Isanusi. And when he told her of these men he touched upon the matter lightly, mixing falsehoods with his story. And now to Dingiswayo he had told deliberate lies without a grain of truth. He was

gradually slipping away from truthfulness, whither we do not know.

'Take heed to thyself, Chaka. This friend of thine, from thy home, hath some secret power and will harm thee; thou must guard thyself. I wonder that thou sayest thou didst know him in thy youth, for his features and, above all, his eyes show clearly that he is not a man of these parts. He is a giant, coming whence we know not. He is indeed a sorcerer.' As Dingiswayo spake these words he shuddered a second time, when he thought on the deceit he had seen showing clearly in Malunga's eyes.

In the evening Malunga said to Chaka, 'I have seen it: thy chief despises me and thinks that I am evil. Therefore will I not remain where my life will be an hard one, but I will return to my home. I trust to Ndlebe who will win for thee all that thou dost need. Trust in him and thou shalt see that he is a man of truth and worthy of trust. But if thou dost vex him he will desert thee. Tend him well with food, for he eateth much, and he will carry thy blanket for thee; he is a strong beast of burden. He will procure tidings for thee; he is a dog with a keen scent and the sharpest of ears. And greatest of all, in time of war he knows how to divine the plans of the enemy.'

The regiments left the village to meet Zwide at the border of the land, and they hastened so that they might arrive before he could spoil the paths with medicines. They met on the high flat ground overhanging the gorge through which the river Folosi passed. Dingiswayo, as was his custom, did not send forward all his men at once, but drew aside certain regiments to be a support to whichever wing was weak. He used to say that at the beginning of a fight men went forward carried away with excitement, the eyes of each man fixed upon his adversary alone: they did not look to see if they were still together; and thus

some would penetrate far into the ranks of the enemy, thinking that their companions were with them, and would be killed unnecessarily. The company commanded by Chaka was sent forward at the very beginning.

The fight was long. Zwide was steadily retreating, making at times sudden counter-attacks, and was drawing Dingiswayo's men on to the gorge in the bush. At midday Dingiswayo sent forward all the warriors he still had with him to be an overwhelming force and drive Zwide's men over the precipice. At this moment Ndlebe reached Chaka, covered with mud like a dog that has been running. Plaits of hair were falling over his eyes and down his neck, and he had a look of cunning, like a dog when on the track of an animal; like a dog, too, he had his mouth open and he was panting. He said, 'My master, there is peril in the bush. Watch, beware. Zwide hath hidden many companies in the bush, and this flight of his is no flight: it is but to entice you into the bush, so that ye may be surrounded and killed to a man. I counsel to withdraw thy men, as if to rest them (for all know it was they who began the fight). And do not thou advance again until I come to thee.'

Ndlebe entered the bush and thrust his way through until he came out on the other side, and set alight to the dry grass there: for it was winter and the grass was withered; also there was much of it, for it was jungle. A breeze drove the burning grass towards where the fight was. At the moment when Ndlebe set fire to the grass Chaka was above the gorge with his company, and the fight was thickest on the slopes of the gorge close to the bush. Zwide's own men were already opposite the place where the reinforcements were hidden, when suddenly they were astonished to see bright red flames rushing towards them—for the wind was blowing and there was

much grass. The reinforcements came helter-skelter out of the bush, for they feared they would be burnt where they were; but it was evident that they could not retreat because the burning grass had blocked their path. Thus they were constrained to enter the fight again and endeavour to drive Dingiswayo's men back, if they could but find a way. But this was difficult, for Dingiswayo's men were on higher ground. And then the fight waxed very fierce. Zwide's forces, with the fire driving them on from the rear and Dingiswayo's men blocking the path in front, saw defeat close at hand. The fire waxed hotter and hotter, and each man sought for himself a path of escape: they were fighting for their lives, not now for the honour of their 'praises' and war-songs. And in a very short space of time the number killed was far greater than all who fell during the earlier fighting.

When the fight was at its fiercest Ndlebe came to Chaka and said, 'Delay not, advance'. When Chaka's company appeared Zwide's men thought that Dingiswayo also had made a plan similar to theirs, and that he was now sending forward his picked troops; and they scattered in flight. And as they scattered thus they suddenly saw the grass burning and saw, too, the flames. By now the fire had increased, and its heat could be felt even from a distance. It was beginning to attack the bush when they saw it. The dry trees crackled with a great noise when they felt the force of the fire, and the sound was to Zwide's men like the mocking shouts of their enemies. And then some cast themselves from the crags and narrowly escaped death. Others thrust through the burning grass which was as high as their shoulders and escaped, but scorched. Others were burnt and maimed and died of their burns. Some became cripples, but lived.

There was a cave in the bush, known only to a few, and

Zwide hid himself there with a small body of men. It was where the bush was thickest, and a path like the track of a field-mouse led to it and came out on the other side. But Ndlebe told Chaka where Zwide was. And Chaka commanded part of his troop to rout him out from behind so that he would have to pass Chaka in his flight, for there was no other means of escape because of the thickness of the bush. And Chaka and Ndlebe hid themselves by the side of the path. As soon as Chaka's men entered the cave Zwide and his men came out and fled by the track that led to Chaka. And when Chaka heard their footsteps approaching he seized his spear in preparation, and looking round, saw Ndlebe on his left with his axe already raised, waiting for them to appear. Ndlebe was blazing with anger, he was no more the idiot he had appeared before, and his body was greater: he was like a wounded lion in agony, ready to avenge the blood that it has poured out.

Chaka looked to the right, and wondered exceedingly when he saw Malunga at his side, silent, with his short spear ready and his eyes, red like blood, fixed on the narrow path along which Zwide must come. He had the appearance of an animal crouching to spring. But there was no time to ask whence he had come.

When Zwide and his men appeared they were wedged so tightly together that some of them could not move, and because of the thickness of the bush they did not see Chaka immediately: many of them, indeed, were fatally wounded before they saw him. The thick bush also prevented them from either retreating or defending themselves. And then Chaka was upon them. Swiftly he killed them where they stood crowded together. Ndlebe hacked at their heads incessantly with his axe where they stood crowded together. Malunga's arm also was as

fatal as Chaka's, but he killed even more men, for the thickness of the bush did not seem to hinder him at all. Chaka's men in the rear thrust the enemy forward with their spears, and Chaka and his two companions held the pass. It was on this day that Chaka's hand was blistered with killing. Zwide was taken alive and brought to Dingiswayo, who did not permit a chief to be killed. And as soon as Chaka was able to look about him he found that Ndlebe and Malunga had gone; he was left with the men who had been sent to rout out Zwide.

When Ndlebe first came the fight was still fierce, and he shouted in the tongue of Ndwanda: 'The chief has been taken, the picked troops of Dingiswayo are here about to enter the fight, and Chaka is with them.' He did not need to repeat his words: they scattered immediately. And now the fire was as nothing, though not all of them could possibly escape it, but to wait for Chaka's attack meant certain destruction, and in their flight they cast themselves over the crags.

At last the regiments were gathered together and led to their chief, and they found Zwide already there, bound, a captive. Ndlebe was lying on the ground like a tired dog that has run far: there was no trace of the cunning he had shown in the battle, he seemed once more as stupid as ever. He threw himself on the ground and lay there as if nothing had happened, while there were shouts of joy and victory all about. It seemed that he would not trouble himself to hear what were the tidings of the battle, which clearly showed that he was indeed an idiot. Dingiswayo and his warriors marvelled at Chaka's skill in command and in the fight and at the way in which he knew how to dishearten his enemies, for all that Ndlebe did was said to have been done by Chaka: none knew of Ndlebe's part. The cries of the women when the regiments returned

were wonderful to hear. Dingiswayo's return was the return of a chief, of a conqueror who had scattered his enemies. Chaka was their song, and in his honour it was sung. Dingiswayo detained his prisoner a few days and then released him, and sent him to his home in peace as if he had paid a friendly visit and was never a prisoner.

And it was then that Chaka was placed in command of all the regiments of Dingiswayo, and in the many wars he always went with them while his chief remained at home. But even when Dingiswayo was present in war he gave his commands to Chaka, and Chaka gave them to the regiments.

Chapter Eleven

THE DEATH OF SENZANGAKONA

ALL the time Dingiswayo was scattering the tribes Senzangakona felt very uneasy about his own position, for he more than any one had harassed Dingiswayo during his youth, and had even sought to kill him. And now when he saw this same Dingiswayo and his own son Chaka raising themselves more and more and subduing the tribes, he was in great terror, for he thought that Dingiswayo would take his revenge, especially as he always went to war without inviting Senzangakona, who was bidden to remain behind and keep guard at home. His wives did their best to have the name of Nandi expunged from the number of his wives: if she was ever mentioned she was to be spoken of only as a concubine. And Mfokazana did his best to win over the affections of the tribe by presenting them with cattle and passing light sentences, and reducing the work that fell to the tribe, such as ploughing and hoeing their chief's fields. He made himself the people's friend who sympathized with them, so that when his father died they might think of him.

Chaka remained where he was with Dingiswayo, thinking over his past life: and now his doubts were no more. He saw clearly that the chieftainship of his father would indeed be his, for all that Isanusi had told him had come to pass as he had foretold, and Chaka had full faith in him. Ndlebe was resting near by, lying at his ease with his mouth open. The flies were going in and out of his mouth as they liked, and his spittle was trickling from his lips and dropping to the ground. He appeared a thorough vagabond, snoring there in the day-time, fast asleep.

While Chaka was thinking about his life as we have said, he looked at Ndlebe, and at that moment Ndlebe

awoke and scratched and scraped himself, with his mouth open, like a dog scratching itself with its hind foot. Like a dog, too, awakened from sleep, he yawned, and looked this way and that. Then he yawned again, and raised himself up with his hands while his back and feet still remained on the gound. He looked at Chaka, and his ears pricked up and became lengthened, listening. Then he stood up and went away, swaying as he walked, with his hair hanging down on all sides in plaits and his little ox-hide reaching half-way down his back. When he returned he told Chaka that Dingiswayo's uncle and two others had made a plot against him, jealous that he had been raised above them. Chaka told Dingiswayo, and these men instead of killing Chaka were killed themselves.

On the afternoon of that day when the shadows were lengthening, Chaka saw Ndlebe prick up his ears like a dog when it perceives some scent, and go away treading carefully like a dog with its nose in the air, attracted by some sweet savour. Then Ndlebe disappeared towards the west. The sun set and the night came and went. The sun rose again and set, and still Ndlebe was not there. When the sun rose a third time he came, covered with dew like a hyena, and signed to Chaka with his eyes. And when they were alone he said, 'I have brought thee sad tidings to-day, but methinks that thou shouldst be glad. Thy father Senzangakona is dead'. Chaka's brain reeled, and he became afeared, for his father had been a young man, far from the grave as people so foolishly suppose. He saw his brothers, now that his father was dead, dividing the inheritance alone and not allowing him to come nigh. To be grieved excessively was never his way, and therefore he told Dingiswayo the tidings as soon as he had received them.

'I hear it,' said Dingiswayo, 'and I am sorrowful at

the death of thy father, my subject, but forasmuch as I have not heard of it by any messenger sent by the chieftains or his sons I can do naught. Have patience, let us wait. The tidings will come.'

The sons of Senzangakona informed Dingiswayo of the death of their father after they had buried the body; it was merely that he might know what had occurred. But if he had been informed at the right time, and if a heifer had also been sent, he would have dispatched a messenger with his condolences. When the time of mourning was ended (it had been greatly shortened because the sons were eager for the inheritance) the chieftains gathered together the people and presented Mfokazana to them: 'This is the son of your chief. Take and guard him. He hath two younger brothers, Dingana, and Mhlangana. Them too ye must guard. And ye two, children of the chief, ye must hearken to your elder brother and honour him, and must be his instruments in everything and in all matters of danger.' And the assembly said, 'Hail, chief of the many oxen. Guard us. We are thy people. May there be rain.' At that gathering none spoke of Chaka; he was not granted so much as a single inch of his father's land for an inheritance.

Thus was Mfokazana installed as chief in his father's stead, and Dingiswayo heard naught of it. None the less, he had a right to hear, so that he might be present on the day, or might send a messenger as his representative, for an under-chief is installed by the chief who is his superior. Mfokazana continued his preparations daily, like a man who knows that war is at hand, for he knew that Chaka, though absent, would not lightly relinquish the chieftainship he had been promised, but would fight manfully and try his utmost, and would relinquish it only if he was overcome.

That same day Ndlebe came to Chaka and told him of the installation of Mfokazana as chief, and Chaka asked if Dingiswayo knew of it. Ndlebe said that he did not.

'Methinks that is so,' Chaka said, 'for he would have told me. It is a grievous fault to embark on matters of such moment without Dingiswayo's knowledge: it is to declare themselves chiefs in their own right, and not subjects. They were at fault, too, in the manner in which they brought the tidings of my father's death.'

Dingiswayo came to the great court, and Chaka told him the tidings, and he said: 'Hast thou certain knowledge of the tidings thou dost tell me, Chaka? I ask it, for it seems that thy brothers have been grievously at fault, and this is not the first time they have acted towards me thus.'

'I have knowledge of it from one who was present, chief.'

'This thy brothers' act causes me sorrow. I see that the widow-bird hath grown its tail again. Furthermore, at this moment they should be mourning the death of Senzangakona: they should not be entering upon their inheritance when he is but barely dead, and the tears are not yet dry upon their cheeks. For the present I shall say naught, for I know naught: I have not been told. I shall speak when they inform me. But do thou prepare thyself to-day, and I will send thee to thy home to win thy chieftainship that Mfokazana hath stolen from thee. But make no haste; thou must tarry six months here with me, that thou dishonour not thy dead father by striving for the chieftainship in war when he is but barely dead and his body still warm in the grave.'

At that moment Ndlebe stretched himself in his sleep and raised his head and looked about him, and his spittle trickled to the ground, disgustingly. And then

he stood up and scratched his brown swelling belly, and departed to the huts with his head bent to the ground.

'Chaka, this man of thine is a true vagabond. Now he goeth to the huts, for his thoughts are of food only and sleep, like an animal.'

'It is so, chief, but I have no other man, and therefore must I be at peace with him, even though he be an idiot.' And what Chaka said grieved Dingiswayo when he thought how Chaka had worked for him loyally and had never yet received any reward. And he gave him a band of men to serve him, as a gift, and said, 'Furthermore, thou must find thyself a wife, and I will provide the marriage cattle, for that I am now thy father.'

Chapter Twelve

NOLIWE

AMONG Dingiswayo's sisters there was one that he loved exceedingly. She was the youngest of his mother's children and bore a great resemblance to Dingiswayo's elder sister, who had saved his life when she and Tana, his elder brother, perished. These two sisters might have been twins; even in their way of speaking they resembled one another. And that was why Dingiswayo loved the sister who survived more than any other person: it was not so much that she was the child of his mother, but that her face was the face of his dead sister, whom in everything she resembled so strongly—in the appearance of her eyes, her cheeks, her ears, the sound of her voice, her figure, and her ways—the sister who had given up her life for Dingiswayo in his hour of need. Her name was Noliwe, and not only was she extraordinarily beautiful, but she had a generous nature, full of compassion and kindness. All who knew her said that Nkulunkulu had fashioned her to be an ensample to men, that her exceeding beauty and her gentle loving eyes might teach his children of the beauty and boundless love of their Maker, so that in Noliwe they might see the perfection of womanhood without spot or stain, and thus might perceive something of the perfection of Unkulunkulu. Maybe hers was the beauty that gave rise to the fable among the Basuto of the girl who could not leave her hut because of her beauty, for whenever she went abroad, none would go to the fields to his work, even the herdboys refused to herd, and all people ran to where she was to feast their eyes on her.

Noliwe's love for Chaka was wonderful. She would not play 'kana' or even be present when it was played,

for during this game Chaka always stood to one side, Chaka, the delight of her eyes.

When Ndlebe entered the court he found many young girls there, and as he entered one said, 'Here cometh Chaka's idiot,' and another said, 'Here cometh Ndlebe of the long ears like the field-mouse, Ndlebe in name and in deed.' When Noliwe heard them speak thus she said, 'Mock him not, he is God's creature. Who mocks idiocy draweth it upon himself, and his children will be idiots. Art thou hungry, Ndlebe?' 'Yea,' he said, and then she gave him food, and as he ate she asked him, 'Where is thy master, Ndlebe?'

'Who is my master?'

'Is not thy master Chaka? Hast thou many masters, though thou art but one, that thou dost ask it?'

'If he is my master, he is my master. He is there at Dingiswayo's hut, the coward, the runagate, who was driven out by his brothers while they remained to devour the inheritance that was his birthright.'

'Dost thou mean it, or art thou jesting? If Chaka be not brave, who is there that is brave?' Ndlebe continued to cast scorn at Chaka, and presently he turned the talk upon the other young men. After a while they spoke of the killing of Dingiswayo's uncle, and Ndlebe asked what was their crime in planning to murder Chaka. Then Noliwe said that her uncle had been shamed when Chaka was lifted up, he had been shamed exceedingly when the girls made their songs to Chaka. Ndlebe said, 'What did ye mean when ye sang to Chaka, the dead dog who is even as I am, and did not lift your voices in praise of those who were men and mighty chieftains?'

'To be a chieftain or the son of a chief is nothing, but the man in whose honour songs are sung is known as the bravest among the brave.'

'Among all the regiments and companies of Dingiswayo and his chieftains ye look first upon Chaka? Is it not so?' And the maidens answered at once, 'We needs must.' And Noliwe went further and said that none would consider herself married unless it was to a man as brave as Chaka. And Ndlebe said, 'Is it so that thou the daughter of a great chief, even of Jobe, would rejoice to be married to one of lowly station like Chaka only because he is a killer of men?' Noliwe said that she would rejoice to be so married: 'Further, Chaka is not of lowly station, but the son of a chief. He is also beautiful, with features smooth and rounded like a clay pot.'

'Dost thou mean it, or art thou jesting? Dost thou love him indeed, or is it mere talk?'

'I do not merely love him; I am ablaze with love. And I am afeared, for I have tried by every means to show my love, but it seems that he has no eyes to see.'

Ndlebe and Noliwe were now speaking only to each other.

On the evening of that same day Ndlebe entered another of the chief's courts and found the game of 'Choose the one you love the best' proceeding. Some one said to Noliwe, 'Choose,' and Noliwe said, 'Guess.' 'It is . . .' (and here her companion named some one). 'Wrong', said Noliwe.

'Choose.'

'Guess.'

'It is . . .,' and another name was mentioned.

'Wrong.'

'Choose.'

'Guess.'

'It is Chaka.' Noliwe's face lit up and she laughed when she heard Chaka's name, and she looked at Dingi-

swayo (for he was present), and then said, 'I am dying with love for him. I cannot describe how I am wasting away with love.' She said this on purpose, so that Dingiswayo might hear that she was indeed dying with love for Chaka.

On the morrow Ndlebe told Chaka: 'Perchance thou hast noticed and perchance thou hast not that the maidens of this village wonder at thee what manner of man thou art, for thou dost not sleep in the common hut with the other young men, thou dost not join in the songs and dances or in playing at "kana". Hast thou noticed that thou hast caused the people to wonder?'

'Their wonder is no gain to me. I care not if they wonder.'

Ndlebe continued as if he had not heard what Chaka had said: 'Hast thou perceived that the young girls of this place are restless because of thee, and are afeared? Each one saith, "Will Chaka pass me by and I be taken by another?" '

'I care not for any of them. Whether they be restless or afeared is to me all as one. My work is with the spear alone in this village; it is to fight the wars of Dingiswayo. For that cause came I hither, and that is the desire of my heart. I have no time to think of these girls of thine.'

'Thou dost not speak truth, Chaka. Pray, hearken. It is not true that thou dost not care for *any* of them, for there is one there for whom thou hast an exceeding great love, but thou dost fear her.'

'But what was it for which thou didst call me, Ndlebe? Thou didst not call me to speak childishly?'

'I called thee on a great matter that is paining thy heart, a matter as dear to thee as is the chieftainship. It is not childish as thou dost say, and it concerns the maidens of this village.'

'Ndlebe, didst thou indeed call me for this childish reason?'

'Thou art mistaken; it is not childish. Hearken.' Now Chaka dearly loved Noliwe, but he did not see that a vagabond like himself, a wanderer without a home, could marry the daughter of a noble house who was also beloved by Dingiswayo. He thought that only some chieftain of far greater consequence than himself was fit for Noliwe, and therefore he renounced her with never a word. He feared Noliwe and also Dingiswayo. And although Ndlebe spoke in this way, he did not think for a moment that Noliwe was among the number dying for love of him.

Swiftly in the twinkling of an eye the thought appeared from its far hiding-place whither he had driven it, the thought that perchance it was Noliwe who was dying for love of him. And Chaka smiled and said nothing, but kept his eyes on Ndlebe. And then Ndlebe said, 'Yea, dost thou not love her?'

'Love whom?' 'Her at thought of whom thou dost smile.' And Chaka waited expectant, laughing softly, as if she had already been promised to him.

'Yea, how fares she?' Chaka said.

'Answer first my question. Dost thou love her or not? I will give thee thy answer later.' Chaka continued to smile, and then Ndlebe said, 'Which of us two is the liar, the waster of time who speaks of childish matters?'

'It is I,' said Chaka as he laughed aloud. 'But tell me how "she" fares?'

'What is of more moment is that she hath an even greater love for thee than thou hast for her.' Chaka stood up and danced about the court for joy, laughing all the while to himself, and at that moment Noliwe entered the court and faced Chaka and their eyes spoke. She asked for Nandi, but they said she was not there, and then she went

out, with her head on fire, asking herself what it was that had caused Chaka so much joy. And the answer she gave herself was that without a doubt Ndlebe had told him of what had taken place the day before: 'perchance it is true that Chaka rejoices because he has heard that I love him.'

Chaka remained with Ndlebe in the court, his mind a rushing tempest of whirling thoughts, but they were thoughts of joy. Ndlebe let him be while he paced up and down until the raging tempest in his brain subsided, but before Ndlebe could speak Chaka asked him: 'What dost thou say, Ndlebe? Who is the "she" whose love for me is far greater than mine for her?'

'It is the one who but now entered in here, even Noliwe.' Chaka resumed his walk round and round; he was like a dancer beside himself. And when he was calm again he sat down and listened to Ndlebe. But in the moment of his joy he suddenly became sorrowful and sad when he thought of how his joy was but vain: he had grasped a shadow. For Dingiswayo would never consent to give him Noliwe, and rather than give her would drive him from his home. Ndlebe knew why he was sad and said: 'He whom thou dost fear, he it is and none other who will aid thee to win Noliwe.' And Ndlebe was silent while his ears pricked up and became lengthened, and then he said, 'But this shall belong to another day, for now I hear the footsteps of the messengers of Mfokazana, who come to tell Dingiswayo that he hath been made chief of his father's tribe. They are at hand. Depart and go to the great court that thou mayest hear the tidings for thyself.'

'And thou, dost thou not come?'

'It is not I who desire the chieftainship, but thou. Furthermore, I can hearken to the tidings from here in this court.'

Chapter Thirteen

CHAKA AND ISANUSI AT THE GRAVE OF SENZANGAKONA

AT midday the messengers came to Dingiswayo and told him their tidings, how that the tribe had installed Mfokazana as chief in his father's stead. Dingiswayo was angered that Mfokazana had so frequently delayed to tell him of occurrences, even when he had a right to know them, and he said: 'Go, tell Mfokazana that I have heard, but that he hath committed wrong, and they too who installed him have committed wrong, for it was not he who was chosen by his father to succeed him in the chieftainship. The son of Senzangakona is still alive, that son at whose birth Senzangakona sent word to my father that he had received the gift of a man-child who would be his heir. I myself was present at that time, and the messengers who were sent are also alive and I know them. At no time did Senzangakona speak of Mfokazana.'

The messengers returned sorrowful, afraid to meet their master who had sent them. When Mfokazana heard of it he sent them a second time, and sent also the messengers who had reported the birth of Chaka to Jobe. And the message he sent was that his father had afterwards seen that Chaka was an evil child who would not obey him, and that he and his mother were sorcerers. And for that cause he had driven him out, together with his mother.

Dingiswayo answered and said: 'Go, tell Mfokazana that to-day is the first time I hear that Senzangakona repented of his decision or ever said that Mfokazana was to be his heir. To whom did he tell it? Furthermore, it is the first time I hear that Nandi is a sorcerer. Against whom has she practised her sorcery? Tell Mfokazana that

but lately, when Chaka killed the lion that Senzangakona sent to me, Senzangakona again confirmed his first decision that Chaka should be his heir.' When Mfokazana heard this he gathered together the tribe and told them that he was deprived of the chieftainship by Dingiswayo, who gave it to Chaka, and he said, 'To-day it will be seen who are on my father's side. His orphan has been deprived of what is his right.'

Ever since Chaka perceived what was in Noliwe's mind he had desired to meet with her and speak to her, and one day they met for a short time only. They did not say anything, but they exchanged their beads: Chaka gave his to Noliwe, and she gave him hers. And now Chaka began to try the feelings of the people, and especially of Dingiswayo, for if Dingiswayo did not wish him to marry Noliwe he would be angry with her for what she had done. Dingiswayo saw the beads and perceived that a beginning had been made. He saw that if Chaka were to marry Noliwe he would still be his subject and would be able to help him in all things and in his wars, and now he strengthened his decision that Chaka was to be his successor, and this was not merely his desire to please him but he saw also that circumstances were with Chaka. And he said: 'Ye men of my father's court, come to my aid, lest perchance I err in this matter through ignorance. Ye know that for a long while I have been absent. Did Senzangakona ever send to my father in my absence and say that he had changed from his decision, and that it was Mfokazana who was now to be chief?' The men, the councillors of Jobe's court, denied it, and then Dingiswayo said: 'Chaka, I have been absent from my home for a long while and I do not know what took place after I had gone. But if thy courage support thee take thy company and one other and deprive Mfokazana

of the chieftainship from which he hath ousted thee, and may whoever is vanquished be satisfied and not complain.'

And in that war Mfokazana was overcome and killed. Dingana and Mhlangana did not take part in the war, and Chaka thought to kill them, but Ndlebe begged that their lives might be spared. And this causes us great astonishment, for it was always Ndlebe's custom to fan the flame: far from counselling mercy he always urged the death penalty. But on this occasion he took the unbelievable part of begging mercy for these men who were Chaka's enemies. Chaka did great destruction when he came to his home, but none the less, he could not avenge himself as he wished for fear of Dingiswayo. When Dingiswayo's sister Noliwe heard how Chaka had overcome Mfokazana, she sent him a necklace of beads delicately strung as a reward, that it might remind Chaka of her, and Chaka in turn sent her gifts to show his great love for her. As we have said, Chaka was afraid to speak with Noliwe for fear of Dingiswayo, and he also feared Noliwe herself, for it was hard for Chaka to speak of marriage to the daughter of such a great chief. He thought that Noliwe would be angry with him and would say that he was backward in love, and for this cause he delayed to broach the matter.

Malunga was present at the battle in which Mfokazana was killed, and in talk with him Chaka continually asked him what fault Dingiswayo found in him that he drove him away, and Malunga said: 'Dingiswayo is a prudent man, and his eyes can see what is hidden from the eyes of other men; they do not look upon the outside only, but pierce right into the heart of a man. He saw clearly that I too was prudent, and he fears that perchance I may turn his people against him and take from him the chieftainship,

but he knows not that to me the chieftainship is nothing: my work is with witchcraft.'

And Chaka said: 'Malunga, this is my day. I will be crossed in naught. When I was with Dingiswayo I was forced to do as he wished. What I did not wish, that I was forced to do, if he wished it. But this is my day, on which I work my will, and therefore I say to thee, stay thou with me as hath been determined, and hide not thyself any more, for he from whom thou didst hide hath no power here.'

'I rejoice to hear thee speak thus. For this very cause was I sent hither by my master.'

The day came, appointed for the installation of Chaka in the chieftainship of his home, and Dingiswayo went there as he had promised. Fortune was kind to an extraordinary degree. The day before Chaka's installation was the day on which he must rise early to go to the river. On that occasion Chaka rose up very early in the morning because the people who had come to his feast were already there, and he knew that if he went at his usual time they would see him. When he was returning from the river he saw dimly in the distance a man approaching him, followed by two others. It was Isanusi himself. We cannot possibly describe Chaka's joy at meeting with his witch-doctor at a time when such important happenings had taken place. He saw before him the one who had found him in the wild asleep under a bush, tired and hungry, with feet swollen from his wanderings over the land, when he did not know whither he was going, the one who had taken pity on him and made him a man, made him what he was to-day.

'Greetings, Chaka.'

'Greetings, my master, my father, my lord.'

'How dost thou fare? Is it well with thee?'

'It is well, even more than I had hoped for.'

'Doth the good fortune that I promised thee come to thee? Dost thou see it?'

'It cometh in abundance.'

'Hath my word been fulfilled when I said that thy sufferings would end from the time when I found thee?'

'It hath been fulfilled indeed.'

'Doth the spear that I fashioned for thee perform its work?'

'Ah, peace, speak not of it, be silent.'

'But what dost thou say thyself?'

'Ah, be silent, speak not of it. Others may tell of it, but not I.'

'Hast thou not seen that with those weapons of thine thou canst strike down even the brave and the strong men with thick necks?'

'When those weapons are in my hands the people die in multitudes.'

'What of the men I sent thee?'

'They are even as thou didst say and more also. In war they are destroying lions, and in peace Ndlebe surpasses even the diviners in scenting out tidings for me. I say naught of Malunga, for I know not his abode.'

'In one word, art thou satisfied with my work? Hath aught of what I told thee failed to come to pass?'

'I am satisfied to the full; not one of thy predictions hath failed, and to witness it I may tell thee that to-morrow I shall be established in the chieftainship of my father, I the wanderer whom thou didst redeem.'

'It is well, Chaka, and I rejoice that thou art satisfied with my work. And the future too will satisfy thee, for what thou hast seen and what thou hast done is but a beginning; greater things are yet to come. But thou must think on the words that I spoke to thee three times when

we were there yonder, when I said that the spear I had fashioned thee must perform its due work. If thou dost seek a chieftainship as great as that of Dingiswayo and a hundred times greater, and dost seek the fame that thou didst once long for, thy spear must be ever wet with blood, new blood, fresh blood. Furthermore, I told thee that the medicines with which thou wast inoculated were evil, and if thou dost not kill they will turn their potency against thee and kill thee. And even to-day if it seem to thee that thou hast killed enough, that thou hast won thy chieftainship and sufficient fame and if thou dost not desire aught else, thou must tell me now straightway, that I may dull the power of the medicines in thy blood that they kill thee not.'

And Chaka answered and said: 'Isanusi, I, Chaka, when I have resolved a thing cannot turn back until the end is reached. I still hunger, I still seek. Let the cow continue to give milk, lord. I pray thee use all thy power and all thy wisdom that I may reach the goal whither thou art bringing me, and which thou in thy boundless wisdom alone dost know. As for the spear of which thou dost speak, it shall be red with blood on both blade and shaft.' And when Chaka said this Isanusi and his companions smiled. Isanusi did not ask his questions solely in order to know what was the state of affairs; his intention was rather to make Chaka believe in him and be satisfied. For Isanusi's predictions could not fail to be fulfilled invariably.

When they reached the village Isanusi and his companions shut themselves in the hut, for Dingiswayo had come and they did not wish to meet with him, since he hated them bitterly—except Ndlebe whom he counted as an idiot, and despised. When they parted Isanusi bade Chaka meet with him at the grave of Senzangakona at

midnight, where he would receive the blessings of his ancestors.

At midnight Chaka went to his father's grave alone, and when he came there he saw Isanusi appear through the darkness with his companions. And there at the grave at midnight Isanusi doctored Chaka with many medicines, and most of them he smeared on his body. And when he had made an end he placed charms on Senzangakona's grave and made a small hole in it over which he sat. And then he spat and began to speak in a tongue not known to Chaka. He seemed to be in pain and very sorrowful, and the sound of his voice provoked pity. But he was not speaking to Chaka but to the spirits in the grave, and while he spoke thus the earth on top of the grave moved and was shaken.

And at once Ndlebe stood up and ran round and round the grave, and Malunga struck the ground repeatedly with Chaka's spear and then raised it in his hand and poised it, pointing it towards the east, and then struck the ground again with it. He raised it again and did the same as before, pointing it towards the west, north, and south, until he had completed all the four points of the earth. And when he had made an end he planted this spear of Chaka's in the soil of his father's grave, and Isanusi became silent where he sat on top of the grave like a brooding hen. Ndlebe ceased encircling the grave and came and stood by Malunga, hunched up like a fowl in the rain. They remained thus, silent, for a long while, and the earth on the grave now became stiff and hard again—an awe-inspiring sight. Chaka heard something like wind blowing far away, and at that moment Isanusi began to speak again, more sorrowfully even than before. His voice sounded thin and low, as when a man pleads in dire need and begs for help, and then he was silent.

And as soon as he had ceased speaking Ndlebe and Malunga departed together and sang a funeral dirge, most sorrowful, on their knees, and as they sang their grief seemed even greater than that of men who carry a dead body to the tomb.

And while they were singing Chaka heard a voice coming up from the ground within the grave and speaking in the same tongue that Isanusi had used, and Isanusi answered it each time and made reply. And while Chaka listened in astonishment he continually heard his own name spoken, although he did not understand what was said. He heard the names of his ancestors who made reply until he came to his own father Senzangakona. Isanusi said softly 'Senzangakona', and Chaka heard his father's own voice speaking, just as it was when he was living, but he spoke in a tongue that Chaka did not understand, so that he became afeared and almost swooned.

Isanusi answered Senzangakona twice, nay thrice, and then said, 'Chaka, take thy spear and thy stick and come hither.' And when Chaka had done so Isanusi said, 'Stand above me and hearken to thy father speaking with thee, but hearken only, do not answer. And forasmuch as thou art not wont to speak with the dead and hear their voices, thou shalt receive thy father's blessing only, and shalt then depart and return to thy abode.'

And Chaka stood above Isanusi, holding his spear in his right hand and his stick in his left, and then Isanusi spake again in that same tongue, and Senzangakona answered in the language he had used on earth when living, a language which Chaka could understand. Meanwhile, Ndlebe and Malunga had ceased from their mournful song and had drawn nigh to Chaka where he stood above Isanusi, and were walking round and round him singing a song; but this was a song of joy and grati-

tude, the song of a man returning thanks that his prayers have been answered. And as they sang they encircled him, not following one another, but facing different ways and going in opposite directions.

Senzangakona did not speak at length, but said that it was he who appointed Chaka as his successor when he was born: he had only pretended to reject him so that Chaka might know that power is won with difficulty, and might take the chieftainship by force and hold it firmly. And lastly he said: 'Chaka, my son, it is I, thy father, speaking to thee, I and all thy ancestors. We all tell thee that the power that each one of us wielded as chief will descend to thee, and there be consummated. Thou shalt be a mighty chief, owing obedience to none, and shalt vanquish all thy enemies. Thy shield shall defend thee from the spears of thy enemies, and thy spear shall slay them; thy people shall honour thee and fear thee. Thou shalt be a *man* and a chief.'

Then Isanusi shook the dust from himself as a hen does, that Chaka might step to one side, and Ndlebe and Malunga ceased to walk in circles and clapped their hands and pointed them at the grave, and then became still and listened. And Isanusi said, 'Anoint Chaka's whole body with the medicine I gave you.' They anointed him while Isanusi gabbled to himself in that unintelligible tongue, cackling like a hen that has laid an egg. And when they had made an end of anointing him, Isanusi said: 'Return home with this chief's son that he may take the chieftainship that hath been given him by his ancestors. And thou, Chaka, do thou go and take the chieftainship and use it; thou art yet at the beginning of thy work. Thou hast heard the commandment of thy father: thy shield shall parry the spears of thy enemies, and thy spear shall slay them. Go thou, fulfil his word.'

And they went, and Isanusi was left at the grave. And then he too departed and returned to his home.

It was still early when Chaka departed from the grave of his father; the cocks were crowing and the songs of birds could be heard; the rays of dawn had appeared and the Day Star was high in the heavens, hanging over him with shining countenance, as if it smiled with joy to see him; the wind had dropped and was at rest; it was as if all things did reverence to the passing hour when Chaka returned from the grave of his father. Chaka and his two companions walked on without speaking and without turning round, like men who have been doctored; they hastened their steps so that the night might not have gone when they reached their home. And as day was breaking they entered their hut in the village.

Those who saw him return in the uncertain light say that when Chaka came from his father's grave he was seated on a horse that had a sleek and shining coat; it was being led by a maiden more beautiful than any other upon earth. Many people affirm that this was the first occasion on which the Princess of the Mazulu was seen, and it was she and none other who led the horse on which Chaka rode. Others believe that it was Noliwe, but Noliwe did not come until the cattle had been paid; moreover, she was accompanied by a great crowd of people, and it is impossible that she was there at that time. Also we cannot understand the mention of the horse on which Chaka is said to have ridden, for horses were not known in those days, and even the two which Dingiswayo brought from the Colony had already died. (Dingiswayo himself came to the feast on foot.) But all who saw Chaka say verily that he came riding a horse.

The second difficulty has to do with the maiden. Where did she go when Chaka had reached his home?

It was already light, and it would have been impossible for her either to hide or to return whence she came without being seen. This in the only time in the story when she is mentioned. We hear nothing of her afterwards, except once only—during Chaka's reign when Noliwe was dead.

And the third difficulty has to do with the horse. What became of it? For horses, apart from the two brought by Dingiswayo, were first seen long afterwards, when the White People came.

Chapter Fourteen

CHAKA IS MADE CHIEF IN HIS FATHER'S STEAD

THE day arrived on which Chaka was to be made chief. And after the time when the cattle go to graze Noliwe came with her companions, for she had been delayed and had been unable to come with Dingiswayo. When the assembly was seated Chaka came out from the hut where he had been in hiding since his return by night from his father's grave. Dingiswayo set forth the business of the day, and in all his words spoke the truth from his heart without favour. He spoke only what his conscience sanctioned, for he had known before the pangs that are the result of wrongdoing, and he did not wish a second time to do the thing his conscience condemned. The councillors also spoke, and lastly Chaka was given his opportunity to address the assembly.

And he, son of Senzangakona, stood up, his dark-brown body plump and rounded and full—a mark for the eyes of all who saw him. And all the people, the tribe, gazed upon him and saw that he was the son of a chief, born to power and riches above other men. Those of his home were grieved to think how they had withstood him in their ignorance of his true nature; they saw that they had nearly rejected their chief. The companies of warriors and the young men gazed upon him and saw that he was handsome, with piercing eyes and a strong right arm, able and ready to wield a spear or shield, and when they remembered that he was indeed what he seemed to be they loved him the more. The chiefs gazed upon him and saw a chief in the making, a young shoot of great promise. The maidens gazed upon him and saw a leader in songs and dances, a young man of outstanding beauty, perfect, complete, without spot or stain, a paragon. And

all who saw him knew at once that he was of the chief's village, accustomed to mix with men, a leader born to command mighty regiments.

Chaka held himself straight, a head taller than other men, but he had breadth to set off his height. His shoulders were broad, and though he was so heavy in appearance there was none to equal him in quickness in running and jumping, and twisting and turning.

Chaka stood up, and the eyes of the company were fixed upon him. He looked this way and that and then spoke. But few words were addressed to his own people: they were to accept him without reserve, with a whole heart; the past was the past and could be forgotten; new paths lay before them. Chaka was afraid to speak at length lest he should open again the wounds caused by the recent war in which Mfokazana had been killed. He passed on to speak of Dingiswayo, and told in full of how he was rescued and preserved by him and made a man. He expressed his thanks in words extolling Dingiswayo, with a heart full of gratitude. Next he spoke of the services he owed in return, of how he was bound to love and honour Dingiswayo for the kindnesses he had done him, and begged that the chief even now would continue to send him on his missions, and he would go. He must give him any work he wished him to do; that was Chaka's own desire, and if it was granted it would be shown that the chief had not cast him off.

As Chaka spoke the hearts of all who heard him were affected. His words satisfied them, so that even those who retained any lingering dislike for him lost it and opened the doors of their hearts to him in joy. And Dingiswayo himself loved and trusted him more than ever when he heard Chaka's confession and listened to him telling the truth of their relationship as he himself knew it. To

Nandi it was all as a dream in the night. Noliwe saw a marvellous beauty in Chaka's countenance, such as was not upon earth, nor among the characters in story: she saw him as the perfection of manhood. The sound of his voice was to her as a delightful music, far surpassing the music of flute or harp. And the assembly applauded, saying, 'May there be rain. We are thine, lord, be thou our guard.'

On the following day Dingiswayo returned home and left Chaka to rule as his father's heir. Noliwe and her young companions remained for two more days, and it was then that she and Chaka came to a complete understanding about their love. And when all who had come to the feast had departed Malunga began his work of doctoring the village and stablishing it, including Chaka's sleeping huts and the cattle kraals and everything that required to be doctored.

Such was the return of Chaka to his home from which he had been driven out.

After this Dingiswayo fought several wars alone without calling Chaka, in order that Chaka might become accustomed to his people, so that when there was severe fighting they might not desert him and leave him to be killed, nor join his enemies to ambush and kill him. He first called him when he went against Qwabe, whence he returned driving a very large herd of cattle. It was in this war that Chaka, the son of Senzangakona, first fought in person in the presence of his people; it was the first time they saw him in the fight. When they reached the capital Chaka did not pass on to his own home but stayed with Dingiswayo, where the sound of the spear banishes sleep, and the hearts of the young men dance with joy when they hear the praise songs. He stayed, also, in order to be near Noliwe. And the whole of this

time he spent with his regiments, teaching them different kinds of drill. And above all, he taught them obedience; all must be done to the word of command, none must be either too quick or too slow. And Dingiswayo, who knew Chaka's character, saw that out of his love for war he had denied himself his home, and in order to please him Dingiswayo made war on the Amangwana, the people of Matiwane. And the regiments that Chaka's teaching had made supple went to this war.

The day before they were to meet the enemy Chaka stirred the hearts of his warriors to their depths, and each man went forward determined to do better than his neighbour, to bring himself to the notice of Chaka and his chief. The Amangwana were a large tribe, but they had been weakened by constant war among themselves, and thus they gave an opening to their enemies.

When Chaka had made an end of speaking with his warriors on the evening before the fight he went to his own sleeping-place near the chief, and there he found Ndlebe and Malunga, although he had not called them. Malunga said: 'I have come to thee on account of what Ndlebe will tell thee. I would not have come, for, as I have told thee, I do not desire to fight the wars of a man who hates me. But though I have come I have come to thee and not to him, for though the glory of victory will be his since his are the regiments, that is but a little thing. But thou, thou wilt win in this war what thou canst only gain when Dingiswayo is dead.'

And then he asked Chaka if he had already spoken with his regiments. And Chaka said he had, and Malunga said: 'This is a misfortune, for I wished to meet thee before thou didst give thy commands to the regiments. But it is no matter; thou canst return to them again. I have brought thee a medicine which thou must eat before thou

dost speak with the regiments. Thou must eat it and it must be in thy mouth when thou speakest. This medicine will have marvellous potency for the regiments: it is a medicine of persuasion.'

Ndlebe suddenly stood up and said: 'I hear the noise of a mighty war, but the fighting will be brief. But the war is mighty because of its results, which I will tell to thee when we return.'

Malunga gave Chaka the medicine and he ate it and swallowed some water and then returned to the regiments. It was midnight, and he found that some of them were asleep. He roused them and told them that it was not a time for sleep: it was a time for watchfulness, for perchance the enemy might fall upon them when they were sunk in sleep. And he said: 'My comrades, I am much afeared. I cannot sleep or have any peace of heart. I have already told you that those with whom ye will meet are men and not children. And I repeat, ye must know that ye will be facing death. Whosoever is afraid let him return straightway; there is no compulsion. But all who stay must understand that they may not turn back, whatever comes. They must devote themselves, and either die with their chief or conquer with him; but they must not flee. That is the most terrifying sight: men fleeing when the fight presses them hard, so that their chief is taken. Think on Zwide. Let all who are afeared stand and depart.' None stood up, but all who heard him felt their hearts swell. The tears trickled from their eyes in the darkness of the night and they wondered what this war would be, of which Chaka spoke so earnestly to them. And they said: 'Where we are commanded to go, we will go, even if it be to death.' Their courage rose and they watched for the dawn with a great longing to embark upon the game of battle. They were determined

to prevent by all their means Chaka from ever speaking to them in this wise again.

At daybreak the battle was joined with terrible fierceness. The village of Matiwane was on a height, and the women and old men stood outside to watch the fight. Ndlebe went by a path where they would not see him, and quickly set fire to the village, and then his swift feet speedily brought him back to the fight.

In a short while the Amangwana heard heart-rending cries from their home, and when they turned their heads they saw a column of smoke rising up from their burning village. They saw also their wives and children swarming over the rocky heights which they completely covered, as they fled. Some were fleeing to the bush, others to the ditches and hills. Then the Amangwana lost heart and their knees failed them, for when an enemy comes round to the rear and attacks the children then hope is at an end, and they fled to rescue their children.

Dingiswayo captured all the cattle of the people of Matiwane and also the small stock. And where they encamped for the night, while he was thanking Chaka for his cunning, he also repeated his advice that Chaka should seek a wife: he would provide the marriage cattle for him. And Chaka answered that he had no thought of marriage, for he loved one woman only, and it was impossible for him to win her. Therefore he had renounced her.

'How dost thou mean "impossible"?' said Dingiswayo.

'I mean that she is the daughter of a mighty chief, before whom I, Chaka, am as naught.'

'Where is her home? Whose child is she?'

'Her home is—is—with. . . .'

'Why dost thou say "is—is"? Canst thou not speak? Is she a sister of mine?'

'Yea, chief.' And Chaka's forehead burned as he said it.

'Which?'

'Pardon me, chief. I fear to tell her name, for thou dost love her exceedingly.'

'Is it Noliwe?'

'Yea, chief.'

'Hast thou spoken with her? I myself will not compel her. It is thou who must speak. If she consent let her consent. If she refuse let her refuse. I wish her to do as her heart desires.'

'Truly, already we know each other's will, chief.'

'I understand. Thou dost fear to ask me for her. Nay, it is well. But if thou marry my sister, thou and none other must provide the marriage cattle, for *I* cannot give the cattle together with my own sister.' The reader can imagine for himself how great was Chaka's joy. Dingiswayo was a chief who loved his own jest and he told all the warriors that Noliwe was affianced to Chaka, and they rejoiced exceedingly, for they saw that now Chaka would belong to them completely. For 'the marriage ox produces union'.

But when they came to the capital Chaka heard that his mother was ill and he passed on his way. He did not even stop to sleep, for his mother was very dear to him on account of all she had done for him. When they reached his home Ndlebe said: 'I hear that Dingiswayo will not live more than ten days. Be prepared. This is the matter which I said I would tell thee when we returned.'

Chapter Fifteen

ZWIDE KILLS DINGISWAYO
CHAKA SEIZES THE CHIEFTAINSHIP OF DINGISWAYO

WHEN Dingiswayo came to his home he allowed his regiments and warriors to disperse that they might go to their homes to rest. And then Zwide, who was still smarting from the shame of his defeat, led his men to battle without issuing any challenge. Not until Zwide was at the Umfolosi did Dingiswayo hear of it, and then he left the capital to meet him with the few men he had at hand, in order to prevent him from entering the capital. The alarm was raised and the regiments were hastily called to come to battle, to their chief. Even the few men Dingiswayo had with him were tired from fighting against Matiwane's tribe and from pursuing the cattle they had received as booty. And for this reason the fight went against them from the beginning, and Dingiswayo their chief was captured. Zwide when he reached his home killed Dingiswayo. He cut off his head, pierced it with a stick and sent it to Dingiswayo's village by night. Those who were sent with it planted it in the great court and leaned his shield against the stick which pierced his head. And when the people came out from their huts they were terrified to see what had been done to their chief.

As soon as Chaka heard that Dingiswayo had been captured he acted at once, and sent swift runners to Zwide to entreat him not to kill Dingiswayo: he would ransom him, even if he had to sacrifice everything he had. But these messengers of his never reached Zwide, because Ndlebe and Malunga, who were in the capital, quickly spread the report that Dingiswayo had been killed (but

actually he was still alive at that time). Thus the messengers thought that it would be of no avail for them to go. Chaka came with all his men in great haste, and when he reached the capital he heard the sad tidings of the death of Dingiswayo.

All the regiments remained awake, expectant, till dawn, after their chief had been captured, and not only the regiments but all the men of fighting age as well. Chaka was in a state of bewilderment and amaze: he did not know what he could do. As a result of the death of his chief he found himself in extreme difficulty, bereft of the one whom he had trusted, with whom he had taken refuge in the time of peril, under whom he had become a man. He saw clearly that those who had been dissatisfied when he had been made chief in his father's stead would now attack him, for the one who had placed him where he was was dead. And, above all, these regiments of the chief—he saw clearly that their period of submission to him was past.

In his dread lest the day of his death was now at hand Chaka went down to the river and drew out a reed and peeled it, calling upon Isanusi with a heart full of sorrow. When he came up from the river he was afraid even to go to the village where men were, and he was also afraid that Isanusi might tarry until the danger was upon him. When he reached the village Ndlebe came to him. He was covered with mud, but full of a wonderful joy. He entered a hut with Chaka, but he was in such a state of excitement that he could not even speak, but only caressed his battle-axe continually, and gazed at Chaka's face in joy. Meanwhile, a pitiful dirge was heard in the village, of people mourning for their chief, killed in his prime by a jackal like Zwide.

Before Ndlebe could speak Malunga suddenly appeared.

He, too, was full of an overflowing joy, and he said: 'Chaka, son of a chief, I see thou art sorrowful; but this is not a time for fear and sorrow, but for joy—great joy. Those who weep may weep: it is right that they should mourn for their chief. But *thou* shouldst rejoice, for the death of a chief is the beginning of the reign of his successor, and the successor of Dingiswayo is—Chaka.' And then Chaka took heart, and plucked up his courage, for he knew that what was foretold by the companions of Isanusi was always fulfilled. Malunga continued and said: 'I gave thee a short while ago a medicine for thee to eat when thou didst speak with the warriors. That medicine was prepared against this very day. The hearts and minds of all the warriors who heard thee at that time are with thee; they cleave to thee, and they will not consent to be commanded by any other but thee. Speak, Ndlebe. I have ended.'

And Ndlebe said: 'Zwide cometh to battle, he is on the path. The multitude of his men is terrible. His design is to kill man, woman, and child, that the Abatetwa may be wiped off the face of the earth.' At that moment Isanusi suddenly appeared in their midst. As he entered he said: 'Chaka, pluck up thy courage: I am here. There is no harm that can happen to thee. Ndlebe, go thou out, and cry aloud to the multitude, and proclaim that Zwide will attack at dawn: the people must prepare themselves. Malunga, hasten and prepare the regiments with medicines as thou dost know how, with speed. And thou, Chaka, strip thyself.'

Chaka's grief and fear were instantly gone when Isanusi came. He rejoiced exceedingly and joyfully stripped himself, and Isanusi worked upon him to prepare him for the mighty task he was about to undertake that very night. And before he had made an end the regiments

from without, when they heard that Zwide was already marching to battle again, came rushing to seek Chaka and to tell him that they looked to him alone to defend them from their enemies.

And when Isanusi had made an end Chaka went out to where they were seeking for him, and the regiments cried in one voice, saying: 'Thou art now Dingiswayo. We all give thee his chieftainship and bid thee guard and defend us. We are thy people. Thus do we give thee the chieftainship of Dingiswayo. There is need for haste, for perchance thou has not yet heard that Zwide will come at dawn and his intention is that none of us shall escape. Our eyes look to thee to lead the regiments as thou wast wont to do when their master was alive. Thou hast taught us; we obey thee and we hearken to thee. And to-day we will obey thee not as our leader only, but as our chief. One small condition we make. It is that thou wilt indeed marry Noliwe, for Dingiswayo did tell us that thou art affianced to her, and thus our tribe shall be one with thine.'

There was great confusion and disorder when the regiments made Chaka their chief, and false reports were all the time being heard that Zwide was at hand, that he had arrived. And all knew his cruelty. The reader can imagine for himself what were Chaka's thoughts that night—Chaka, whose one desire was the chieftainship. His life had undergone many changes, because of many happenings. He spent the night in preparing the regiments, preparing them against the morrow.

Zwide came on to battle and the multitude of his men was terrible. Even the old were there, whose limbs were failing them, brought only by a desire for cattle. The young also were there, of tender age, who for the first time were wielding a spear and taking part in war: they

trusted solely to their fleetness and youth to enable them to capture the cattle, for they did not think there would be any fighting, as the Abatetwa were without a chief.

When Zwide had crossed the White Umfolosi at a point opposite Mbelebeleni, Chaka took command of all the warriors and young men, leaving only the reserves behind. He saw that Zwide's forces greatly outnumbered his, and therefore he commanded that the villages should be burnt and the mealies and kafir-corn destroyed and burnt. The old men and the women and children drove away the cattle and fled with them. The battle was joined and Zwide was thrust back over the river and then Chaka's men followed along the path after their chief. They continued the pursuit thus for three days, fighting all the while. Chaka's intention was to wear out Zwide's men by starvation, for in those days there was no such thing as carrying provisions for the march. And that was why he burnt the mealies and kafir-corn, so that Zwide might have nothing to eat.

On the third day, when Zwide's men were limp with hunger, Chaka prepared to give battle. That night he slaughtered many oxen and his regiments ate meat. The oxen were slaughtered with a purpose, so that if Chaka were defeated Zwide would win no booty, and if he conquered he would take Zwide's cattle. That night Isanusi made a medicine rope of grass to lure Zwide's men to destruction.

Shortly before dawn the son of Senzangakona was wandering about in great tumult of mind, with his nostrils distended, scenting the battle afar off, and peering out into the darkness. And his warriors quailed when they saw him thus. And when Chaka spoke to his men his voice was one that compelled, so that each warrior resolved in his heart to obey his commands, and said:

'Thus will I do, even if to fail means death. I will still endeavour to fulfil the command.'

When the night had altogether departed and the sun had risen Zwide fortified the approaches to the high level ground on which he had camped, and nothing could be seen but men in shoals crowded together. And when the sun began to rise above the horizon Chaka stood up and looked this way and that and raised his small spear and short shield (the spear that was filled with the poison of snakes). And the commanders of his regiments gathered to him. Swiftly, in the twinkling of an eye, as they gazed upon him, a whirlwind seemed to take possession of his countenance, and he became jet-black and his eyes a fiery red. Sweat trickled down from his nostrils, white like milk, in large drops. He sent forward all the grown men who had fought before and all the youths, and as soon as they had joined with Zwide he sent forward two regiments to go round the hill to the right and two more to go to the left. And they met in the rear of Zwide, and thus he was surrounded. And the old men and the young among Zwide's forces, when they saw that there would be fighting although they had not expected it, took to hurried flight.

And when those two divisions had joined together Chaka again raised his spear and pointed with it to the enemy and was silent for a long while, gazing towards them. He heard only the dull thud of spears entering the bodies of the enemy and the groans of dying men. And when he saw his own men dying and their numbers diminishing, he said: 'Yonder is your enemy, he who killed Dingiswayo. Go and slay him.' Then he sent forward all his reserves and remained with Isanusi alone. On that occasion Chaka commanded his men not to throw their spears, but to use them to stab. And the fight was

joined with terrible ferocity, and when less than an hour had passed the bodies of the dead encumbered the ground, and the regiments drew off and then returned to the attack. And when they drew back a second time the number of Zwide's men on the ground was equal to the number of the living. How Ndlebe and Malunga fought! How the spear stabbed and killed!

In the early part of the morning, at the time when the cattle are at ease in the pasture grounds, Isanusi became filled with rage and, leaving Chaka alone on the hill, he rushed into the fight, holding his shield by the thong. The moment he came the enemy were felled to the ground with incredible speed. His companions Ndlebe and Malunga came to his side and wrought terrible havoc. At midday Chaka ran forward and entered the fight, and when his warriors saw him they plucked up their courage and fought manfully.

Zwide escaped as by a miracle only. Chaka pursued him, drove him across the river, and still continued the pursuit. The next day he followed him to his home, the village of Nongoma, where the women of the tribe had been left to gather great quantities of firewood with which to cook the cattle of the Abatetwa when their menfolk returned. And when they saw Zwide coming in flight with only a few men remaining they were frightened. But when Chaka's regiments appeared a loud cry was heard in Nongoma, the cry of the women and children and the old men, begging not to be left behind in the flight.

Chaka pursued Zwide with intent to kill him and drove him out of his home, and he fled to Bopeli where he died of exhaustion and a broken heart, for he had seen his mighty tribe scattered in a single day and more than scattered—destroyed. Chaka commanded that the people

of Zwide should be killed—men, women, and children; the young men only were to be spared. And when he returned from his pursuit of Zwide he sent word that all the young men of Zwide's tribe who survived should come to him and he would place them in his regiments and would not kill any of them.

When the battle began at sunrise Zwide's forces numbered many thousands. Chaka began the battle with ten regiments and Zwide with seventeen, not counting on either side the older men and the youths. A regiment consisted of two thousand men, and when the sun set all the men in Zwide's regiments were dead bodies, and Chaka had only three regiments remaining. That is to say, in this battle more than forty thousand men perished.

When the sun rose that day there was no tribe that surpassed Zwide's in power or numbers. When it set this mighty tribe had been wiped off the face of the earth and their villages were empty ruins.

I do not think that anyone's life was ever so involved in mystery as was Chaka's. Dingiswayo's life is obscure and hidden, but when the facts are known they can be easily understood. But with Chaka all is mysterious and incredible right up to this point in the story. A few evenings before he had been in terror when he heard of the death of Dingiswayo, his protector. He feared that he would be killed, or at least deprived of the chieftainship for which he had striven so hard. And then, the night before the battle he was going hither and thither among his mighty regiments, who had set him up as their chief and commander; it was Chaka alone to whom they looked among all those numbers. The following day, when the sun rose, he was in command of all the regiments, commanding them as his own and not for another. And at sunset the same day he was their chief, who had conquered

in war and had scattered peoples of greater strength than his own. At sunset he was a chief among chiefs, and the tribes trembled before him. A sign that the tribes trembled and feared him was that when Matiwane heard that Chaka had scattered Zwide and his mighty tribe he fled in haste and gat him up to the mountains.

Chapter Sixteen

THE NEW TRIBE NAME

ISANUSI and his companions were sitting with Chaka, speaking of his past life, and Isanusi said: 'To-day, Chaka, all has been changed. Thou art now Chaka the chief, no longer Chaka the vagabond that I rescued under the bush. But lately thou wast calling upon me in fear, and to-day those of whom thou wast affrighted are themselves afeared—afeared of thee.' And Chaka said: 'Mine was no common fear; danger and destruction threatened when I called upon thee. But when I called where wast thou, for thou didst come at nightfall that same day and thy home is very far as thou hast told me?'

'I was already on the way when thou didst call, for I knew thou wouldst be in trouble that month—nay, that very day.'

'How didst thou know, since Ndlebe and Malunga who are acquainted with thy home were here with me?' 'Forget not that I am Isanusi.' And here Chaka passed on, and began to speak of other matters. Zwide was a coward to have killed Dingiswayo, for Chaka had sent a promise to ransom him that he might not be killed. And Isanusi said: 'How wouldst thou have procured so many cattle, for thou hast none that are thine own?' 'I should have taken those of Dingiswayo and ransomed him with his own cattle. And if they had not been sufficient the people would have contributed to ransom their chief.'

'What was the answer Zwide gave thee?' 'He hath never answered me. When I came to the chief's village the report was that the chief had been killed, although I hear now, that he was not yet dead at that time.' Ndlebe and Malunga spoke together and then said: 'We hindered thy messengers from going and it was we who spread

the report that Dingiswayo had been killed, although he was still living.'

And Chaka wondered when he heard them speak thus, and asked the cause, and they said: 'Thou must not forget that we are here because of thee. We came to win for thee the chieftainship, and our desire is that thou mayest find it soon that we may receive our cattle, our reward, and return home. If thy messengers had gone to Zwide, perchance Dingiswayo would not have been killed, and then thou wouldst not yet have been chief. Now thou art a chief and there is none greater, thou art greater than all; but thou hast not yet won the full chieftainship that we hear by Isanusi thou dost seek. But to-day we can have confidence that all will be made smooth; all will come to pass as thou dost wish.' When Chaka heard these words he wondered at the devotion of these men.

'I hear,' said Isanusi, 'that thou hast taken to thee Noliwe. Dost thou wish to marry her?'

'I love her with all my heart, and I will marry her. Furthermore, I am compelled to marry her, whether I wish it or no, for I have promised it to the regiments of Dingiswayo.'

'But if thy promise did not compel thee what wouldst thou do?' 'I would marry her because I love her, and also I had already taken her when I made my promise.' 'I, in thy place, would not marry. Marriage is a hindrance to a chief, and breeds dissension in his house. Remember how it was in thy father's house. Children contend against one another without love; blood is spilt and lives are lost. It is better that a man, and above all a chief, should marry when his hairs are grey, that he may be about to die of old age when his children are coming to manhood. Thus will it not be with him as with Jobe

and his sons; there will be one chief and not many; for a multitude of children diminish the might of the chieftainship that passes to the heir. But the matter is for thee alone to decide; we have no concern in it. We have only given thee our advice.' Isanusi said these words in jest, but they planted a seed in Chaka's heart that was to grow, for he was never infatuated about women.

Isanusi continued and said: 'I myself, Chaka, will now go forward: I cannot stay for I have much work to do. But do thou remain here with my companions. Love and trust them, and they in turn will love and trust thee. Ndlebe, thy chief work is to scent out tidings and secrets. There is no evil design that can be planned, even in an ant-bear hole, and come to fruition without Ndlebe's knowledge. And Malunga's work is to prepare thy regiments with medicines when thou dost go to war. He hath the right medicines and thy regiments shall never be overcome if they are doctored by him. But before I depart I wish to ask thee one question only, and do thou answer me with deliberation and not in haste. When I found thee in the wilds thou wast longing for the chieftainship of thy father which had escaped thee because of thy step-mothers. And after that thou didst long for fame. These two things have I found for thee. And later thou didst say that if I could make thee a chief equal to Dingiswayo, owing obedience to none, thou wouldst rejoice. And then I told thee that, if thou didst wish it, I could enable thee to win a chieftainship even greater than that of Dingiswayo, and to-day it hath come to pass. All things thou didst ask of me I strove with all my power to enable thee to win, and thou hast won them. This is my question: Art thou satisfied now, or dost thou still wish for greater things?'

'I understand fully thy first question, Isanusi, and will

straightway answer it. Thy second question I do not understand so well: it seems that thou hast yet other means of advancing me at thy disposal, if I desire it.'

'So it is.'

'Dost thou say that thou canst enable me to win greater blessings than those I have already won, and a greater chieftainship than I have already?' Chaka asked the question in astonishment, for at that time a chieftainship greater than his had never been known. Isanusi instead of answering at once became sorrowful and looked sadly at Chaka and said: 'Thou dost pain me, for I have now worked with thee for more than a year, and never yet deceived thee or said that I could do a thing when I could not; but none the less thou dost still speak as if thou didst not know me.'

'Pardon me if I have caused thee pain; it was my wonder only that made me speak thus. I bid thee, master, proceed with thy work for me, and exert to the uttermost thy wisdom and thy power.'

'Dost thou still desire a greater chieftainship and greater fame than this thou hast?'

'Yea.'

'So be it; I have heard. But thou on thy side must know that my price is ever increasing. For the chieftainship of thy father which thou hast won the price was the full fee of a witch-doctor. For the chieftainship thou hast to-day it is double, and for a greater chieftainship three times as much again. It is a great price, but to a chief it is nothing.'

'To me thy price is nothing. Nothing will I spare if thou dost bring me whither I would be.'

'I will but leave my commands with my companions that they may put all in order for thee. But I must tell thee the whole truth. In some respects it is a difficult matter

to win the chieftainship thou dost desire, such a chieftainship that if a man were to leave the place where thou now art, in his youth, on foot, and go to the bounds of thy territory, he would be an old man before he returned. It is a difficult matter, for it is thou who must provide the right medicine, and not I. And perchance thou wilt fail and be unable to bring it to us the witch-doctors. If thou hast not sufficient courage there is nothing that I can do.'

'What manner of medicine is this that I, Chaka, should fear to give it thee, if I knew where it was?'

'I say once more it is a difficult matter, for if thou desirest a chieftainship of this nature, before thou dost go to battle the food of thy warriors must be mixed with medicines compounded of the blood of the one thou dost love most dearly, with whom thy thoughts ever dwell by day and by night, the one thou dost love more than any other on earth. With the blood of such a one thou canst win the chieftainship of which I have spoken; there is no other means of which I know. I know of a chief in my land who desired a chieftainship of this kind, and he laid the foundations of his city with the blood of his first-born son and strengthened the gates of it with the blood of his youngest son; he sacrificed all his children. Now thou must take thought, and tell me thy decision and intention.' Chaka made as though to answer, but Isanusi restrained him with his hand and said that he must first take thought without haste. Then he left him and after a long while returned. 'Hast thou taken careful thought?' 'Yea,' said Chaka. 'Dost thou understand well what thou art doing?' Chaka affirmed that he did. And then Isanusi said: 'Tell me, that I may learn thy decision.'

'I, Chaka, had no need of deep thought. I have

decided upon the chieftainship of which thou hast spoken. But I have no children and I do not know if the blood of my mother or my brothers would be sufficient. But if it is, I will give it you that ye may compound your medicines of it.'

'But among these whom thou hast promised there is not included the one thou dost love with the love of which I spoke. *Her* thou hast passed over. Think of *her* and tell us thy decision.'

'Apart from these, the one I love is Noliwe—'

'So be it. Think well which thou dost desire. The chieftainship thou hast, with Noliwe, or a greater chieftainship without Noliwe. I tell thee clearly that a greater chieftainship than this, the greatest of all, is possible for thee, but thou wilt not win it unless thou kill Noliwe, thou thyself, with thy own hand.' Isanusi smiled and said: 'To-day, Chakă, we are teaching thee the highest kind of witchcraft, when men kill their children or their parents so that the spirits may receive them and prosper them.' And again Isanusi smiled, mockingly, and said that Chaka should deliberate upon it for a whole day and give his answer at nightfall.

And when Chaka was alone, thinking about Noliwe and the chieftainship of which he had been told, he saw that Noliwe's life was but a little thing and he comforted himself with the thought that when he had attained this chieftainship he would be able to procure other women as beautiful or perhaps even one far more beautiful than Noliwe. Thus he determined to sacrifice her for the sake of the medicines. And as soon as they met together in the evening, Chaka said: 'Truth to tell, there is nothing that I love on earth except only the chieftainship, war, and my regiments. And therefore I will give thee Noliwe, that all hindrances may be removed from my path to the chief-

tainship. I have deliberated and have made an end; the medicines shall be compounded of the blood of Noliwe.'

Isanusi and his companions remained silent until Chaka had finished speaking, and then Isanusi said: 'I trust, Chaka, that thou hast understood me well. I do not bind thee in any way, but leave the whole decision to thee, for we witch-doctors do but give a man the medicine he desires, even if it brings his destruction. We are the purveyors only, nothing more. We trade in medicines to procure cattle; those who buy from us have the choice of the medicine they desire. Understand well; there is no compulsion, no obligation. The decision is as thou alone dost wish.'

'I understand thee well. Thou hast told me the price of the chieftainship and I will pay it, for I desire it.' But none the less Isanusi refused to begin the work immediately: Chaka had not deliberated sufficiently. And then he gave him a full year in which to confirm his decision, so that he might not wish to turn back too late when the work had begun. But Chaka entreated that the time might be shortened and they agreed upon nine months.

When Isanusi was about to depart he said: 'There is a small matter that I have forgotten. Thy tribe-name is not a pleasant one. Why dost thou not reject it, Chaka, and choose for thyself a beautiful, fine-sounding name, fit for the great chief thou art and thy mighty tribe?'

'What manner of name?'

'Thou thyself must choose. Dost thou think that tribe-names also are procured from the witch-doctors? They are for the chiefs to choose. But thy present name is not well sounding.' Chaka agreed that the name of his tribe was a poor one and did not sound well, and at that moment there was a low rumble of thunder from a cloud over towards the west, close to the mountains

where rain was already falling. And Chaka heard the thunder and heeded it carefully; Isanusi also heard it. Then Chaka looked upwards, smiling, and said: 'Thou wast right, Isanusi. To-day I will find for myself a tribe-name that is well sounding, such as none other hath ever had.'

'What name?' asked Isanusi. Chaka smiled and laughed aloud, until the tears came into his eyes; though he was not a man who often laughed: and he said: 'Zulu. Amazulu' (Heaven and the People of Heaven). Isanusi and his companions nearly died of laughter, and Isanusi asked: 'Why dost thou choose this name?'

'Amazulu. Because I am great, I am even as this cloud that has thundered, that is irresistible. I, too, look upon the tribes and they tremble. If I fall upon any they die, even as Zwide. Zulu. Amazulu.' And they all laughed again in astonishment, and we, too, must wonder at the arrogance and ambition of this Kafir who could compare his greatness to that of the Gods. 'Zulu. Amazulu.' Isanusi went away repeating these words to himself.

All the warriors who had taken part in the war were still there—they had not yet scattered to their homes—and Chaka told them the new tribe-name, the well-sounding name which he had devised for them, the name of Amazulu. He said that to-day they had vanquished all their enemies and therefore he had sought for them this well-sounding name.

And all the men and the regiments applauded, which showed that they rejoiced in this new name.

We have already said that when Chaka lived at his home there were evil reports about him. It was said that he was not a man like other men, that he was the child of a tikoloshi and that was the reason why Senzangakona had driven him out with his mother. And now when he was

chief people again began to speak about him, but now they praised him. His beautiful countenance, his tall figure, his fearless heart, and his leadership in war all bore witness that Chaka had been sent by the Gods to men. It was said that a heart like Chaka's and a spirit like his were not merely human; they were the heart and spirit of Nkulunkulu himself.

On the evening of the day on which Zwide's forces were scattered, the regiments and the young men and the women were all saying: 'This is the real Chaka. It were better that those who fight against him should join battle first with the Gods and overcome them, and then they could come against Chaka.' We have already spoken of Noliwe, and now when the two of them were about to be married report went that they were both messengers of Nkulunkulu.

When Ndlebe and Malunga heard these sayings they confirmed them and said that Chaka had been sent by Nkulunkulu to teach his children war. Their words were easily believed, and found credence because they agreed with what was already in the people's minds. And Chaka's spear helped to strengthen this conviction among his people, for it was made of an enchanted rod; it was filled with medicines and wrought marvels. This tribe-name of Amazulu also added to the belief that Chaka was more than human. People knelt and prayed to Chaka and Noliwe. This pleased Chaka, but Noliwe was sad because she knew that she was still a woman like other women.

But there was difficulty about their marriage. Who was to arrange for the feast and who was to receive the marriage cattle? All who had a right to receive them were in their graves. For this reason the marriage was delayed, and the delay delighted Chaka, because of the plan he had conceived with Isanusi.

Chapter Seventeen

REFORMS AND REGULATIONS OF CHAKA

BEFORE we go further in our account of the chieftainship of Chaka we must first tell of the state of the tribe of the Abatetwa when Dingiswayo acquired the chieftainship and of its state when he died.

Dingiswayo acquired the chieftainship when his tribe was sunk in ignorance. The men sat at home, doing nothing. There was no way by which they could possess cattle. It was Dingiswayo who came and changed all that. He gathered together those who knew how to make the skins of animals supple and sew them together. He built them a village to work in where the skins were sold, and this village soon resembled a large mart for selling skins. He did the same with workers in wood and horn, and encouraged them in their work by giving prizes to those who did better than others. And the tribe was imbued with a passion for trade and work, and not work only, but good, creditable work. And the farmer, too, who reaped better crops than other men year by year received a prize for his farming. Dingiswayo also opened up the route to Delagoa Bay, where there was much trade. The women, too, worked hard to fashion beautiful well-made pots in order to secure prizes. Further, he tried by every means in his power to instil a spirit of humanity into the tribe so that they should not wrong each other without cause. But there he was unsuccessful. It became evident that he was trying to teach them something that was too high for them, that was superhuman in their eyes. The land prospered; there was peace and plenty under Dingiswayo. Such was the state of affairs when Chaka acquired the chieftainship.

After Chaka had made reforms in his clan, he gathered

together the young men of Zwide's tribe who had been scattered, and also those who had paid homage to him, and said to them: 'To-day ye have no chief, and ye are no longer a tribe. Ye are deserving of death, because ye have killed my chief Dingiswayo who treated you in every way mercifully. But I will not kill you unless ye wish it. I give you the choice of two things. If ye will renounce your clan and your language and join my regiments and become Amazulu, ye shall live. If ye refuse, then I will kill you all this very day, this very hour, when I have heard your answer.'

The men were not at all unwilling to enter the regiments of Chaka in order to save their lives. Chaka united them with the Amazulu, his chief object being to make them Amazulu in heart and soul. He also placed some of his lieutenants in charge of Zwide's land to tend it for him.

Chaka ever since his youth had had few desires and his one and only desire was still for the chieftainship and the glory of it. By now he was very famous, he was a great chief. Was he then going to be satisfied? Far from it. By now he had come to the top, but he still wanted something—he did not know what. Then it was that Chaka first began to think of war without let or hindrance, for everything was in his power.

He looked upon all the tribes to the north that were within his ken and beyond, and he desired that his sway should extend even to them. He looked upon the tribes on the coast towards the south, he saw their towns and villages, their chiefs and sub-chiefs, their land adorned with townships living in peace, and he smiled to himself. He lifted up his eyes to the hills, and looked upon the west and he saw tribe upon tribe of Basuto and Bechuana dwelling in peace untroubled by anything. Then he laughed and said to himself: 'My sway shall extend from

here where I am, and spread over the land even to the uttermost limits of it. There shall be one chief instead of many and that chief myself.' As he said this, he was filled with a wonderful happiness, his young blood coursed through his veins, he felt as if he could bring about all the changes at that very moment. Then it was that he sacrificed his conscience for his chieftainship, so that he forgot Noliwe.

First of all Chaka built himself a capital, which because of the terrible might of its lord was called Umgungundhlovu (as it were 'The Elephants Abode').

Chaka built his capital to the south of the great river of Folosi (that is to say where the Black Umfolosi has already joined with the White Umfolosi) and to the north of the river Mhlatuzai. He chose the spot because of the abundance of water there, so that such an important city might be surrounded with water and with thick bush, and the rafters and firewood might be procurable close at hand. And he chose the spot because of its beauty.

The chiefs of the Basuto are accustomed to dwell on top of a hill or on its slopes or near a natural stronghold. But Chaka built his town on low flat ground, or rather on a slight slope.

It was a town of remarkable size, such as had never been seen before. The number of its inhabitants, too, was remarkable, and the power of its lord. It was round in shape, and was built as follows.

A large broad road, sufficient to allow a great number of people or regiments or oxen to pass down it without crowding, cut straight through the capital from east to west. The second road was similar and cut through the city from south to north. These two roads were beautifully straight, laid out with wonderful care and the most careful precision. There were many other small roads

traversing the city, but we speak of these two because they were the roads of the chief and of the tribe.

In the middle of the city there was a courtyard of enormous size. It was beautifully flat and level. That was where the regiments drilled and where they received the orders of their chief when they were going to war, and bid him adieu. There, too, the armies met their chief when they returned from a fight, to greet him and to tell him of what they had done; their chief could also see how many of them had come back. It was there that the oxen captured in war were placed for the chief and the whole city to look at: such oxen came there in great herds. In the courtyard, too, the principal feasts of the tribe were held. There, too, important state functions took place, and the glory of Chaka was manifested there on all great occasions.

To the east of this courtyard, but south of the road going towards the east, lived the councillors of the chief and his lieutenants and witch-doctors. In the same spot Ndlebe had his hut. Near here was the kraal for Chaka's own cattle—cattle for milking, for eating, for racing, extra fine choice cattle, cattle for the feasts: that is to say all cattle that had good coats and were of a good colour. All that kraaled in this kraal were cattle indeed; they recognized the songs of praise sung by their herdboys in their honour.

Near this kraal was a tall palisade, made of trees planted in the ground. This was the court of the chief. It had two entrances, and by day and by night two or more warriors stood there fully armed. None passed in or out without their permission. When Chaka was holding court every one who entered shouted his greeting as soon as he appeared at the entrance. His spear and shield remained with the guards at the door, together with his blanket. Then, throwing himself down on his

face, he crawled forward on his belly. When he reached the middle of the court he began to greet the chief with the appropriate greeting 'Bayete'. When he had ended the praise-songs of the cattle his forehead touched the ground, and he lay flat in this position, still stripped, until the chief received his greeting and permitted him to stand and be clothed in his blanket. It was in this same court that Chaka received the messengers of chiefs and that all important acts took place.

At the second entrance to this court there was an immensely high rock, on top of which sat the watchman of the city, the sentry, night and day, in order to see anything coming when it was still in the far distance, and to shout to those in the court so that they might tell the chief, as, 'I see a man or certain men, appearing near a certain kloof.' And instantly a man was sent, or several men, to meet them when they were still far from the city and to hear who they were and what their errand, because any one who came to the gate of the city without being seen and met was killed—and no questions asked. When the runner returned and told the chief their errand, then men were sent to the watchers of the gates of the city (not of the court) to allow them to enter and to accompany them to the gate of the court.

None was allowed to enter the city by night, save only the runners and the messengers of the chief. And even they had to give signs to the watcher by means of firebrands, so that the watcher might tell those who remained in the court at night that such and such a runner of the chief was coming, in order that they might inform the chief; then he would give orders that the sentries should allow him to enter, and he would remain in the court as long as the chief wished, or until he sent to ask what his errand was.

Leading from the court there was another palisade, the thickness of four men walking abreast. This palisade went to Chaka's own hut, called 'Ndhlunkulu' (the great house). Whoever walked there without having been called by two different messengers died a death more painful than death by the spear. Ndhlunkulu was a large hut as its name signifies, and it was built of thick trees planted in the ground to form the walls, which were then roofed over. Very few people entered this hut; it was the chief's, 'forbidden ground', and for that reason what took place there is not known. The few people known to have entered there were Ndlebe, Malunga, and Isanusi, and one or two others. It was in this hut that the fire-steel and the saltpetre of the chief were kept. Ten warriors patrolled it day and night, when Chaka was there, and when he was in court, and even when he had gone to battle. They patrolled it fully armed.

Behind this abode of the chief there was a long line of huts for the wives of the chief. But Chaka had no wife, and indeed never married. However, he chose out for himself the most beautiful of the young girls of the tribe, those that were tall and of a fine light-brown colour, that had beautiful figures and a pleasing appearance, and he used to take them to those huts and call them 'his sisters', that is to say people with whom he could not unite. But it was into the huts of these same girls that he went to visit them, and despoiled the maidenhood of these unhappy girls, and plucked the flower of their youth, so that when the time came when their bloom had passed he might hand them on to his councillors, if indeed they were still alive. But later we shall tell of what happened to many of them.

The second and third divisions of the city were where the common people dwelt. The fourth division was for

the city-guard and the servants of the chief, who escorted away all whose presence the chief no longer desired.

This great city was surrounded by a palisade of trees planted in the ground, and at each gate there were warriors to prevent any one from coming in or going out without the chief's permission.

Chaka, now that his rule was well established, did not often go out to his regiments early. At night he usually walked through the city to see that the watchers were doing their duty, and then went to his hut at dawn. And when the day was growing warm Mopo and his company usually went before Chaka to the court, so that the people might know that the chief was coming. It was also to warn all in the court to stand up, and as soon as Chaka appeared to greet him with the greeting appropriate to him as chief, and to fall down on their faces until he had received their greeting.

Leaving the court Chaka used to go to the kraal at the time when the milking was being performed. When the calves were let out of the kraal the cows used to low, and those that bellowed did it then most of all, while their herdboys recited their praises. Often they were shut in for the night unmilked, so that they might low loudly in the morning. At the same time the herdboys of the sheep and the goats let out the lambs and the kids, and amid the din of the sheep and the oxen the chief herdboy used to praise the chief in the praises usually addressed to the oxen: 'The ox that lows in the chief's village: in a little village it were unseemly for it to low. The god of the wet nose that joins the tribes together in marriage.' And then he ended by saying 'Bayete Nkosi. The oxen of the Mazulu praise thee and greet thee, thou who art the Sky, giving to them rain and pasture ground. The sheep and the goats of the Mazulu praise thee, thou Zulu to whom

they owe their being. All things living of the Mazulu praise thee, thou in praise of whom the cows have bellowed and even now are bellowing.' And the heart of Chaka rejoiced and was satisfied when he was praised even by the animals of the field.

Next in order he used to go to the square, where were the regiments, to greet the people of his city, or rather to be greeted by the people of his city and by the city-guard. The greetings in this square were extraordinarily fine to hear, for they were made in the sight of all, where the whole city was accustomed to gather together.

Then the chief visited Nombazi, among the dwelling-places of his sisters. The greeting in that quarter of the city surpassed all in beauty, because it was a love-greeting, couched in fitting words of endearment: 'Mtan Omhle Mhlekazi Uteku lwa bafazi ba kwa Nomgabi, Ababelutekula ba hleze emlovini,' spoken in a very joyful manner. 'Uteku lwa bafazi ba kwa Nomgabi,' that is to say, 'Thou Sea of the women of Nomgabi,' 'Ababelutekula ba hleze emlovini,' that is to say, 'Him whom they pat or play with, when their hearts are full of peace and joy.'

Before we complete this account we must mention that in this quarter of the city Chaka used to walk naked with only a loincloth on at the request of his sisters, so that they might feast their eyes with gazing at his body, for Chaka was a man of extraordinary beauty. He was taller than any in his tribe, and to add to this he had breadth as well. He was not thin. From his head to his feet he was without blemish, a giant among men.

Even in war the last request of many of his men wounded to death was that they might gaze upon their chief naked for the last time and die in peace, and he used to comply with their request.

At the time we are writing about in the history of

Chaka it is certain that there was no chief on earth whose people loved him more. At the feasts of the tribe it was the rule that before the gathering dispersed, the chief should strip and the tribe should end their festivities by gazing upon the body of their chief.

Chaka built also many villages for his regiments, for such a great crowd of men could not remain all in one place.

He released from service the regiments of Dingiswayo, saying, 'You, I have taught you; it is enough, go and rest. I will call you when I go to war again.' All the others he took step by step through their training. He taught them the art of war; how to attack and defend and how to retire together and attack again. He taught them to march well, to advance together in a straight line. Whether they were executing a quick turn or throwing themselves down they were to do it together. He taught them useful drill that was a delight to watch. Above all, he taught them obedience. When they received an order they were not to answer back or ask the reason why, but simply to do what they had been ordered. He also composed many beautiful songs and praises, which caused his warriors when they heard them to weep and be carried away with enthusiasm.

Every day he got up at dawn and before the cock crew on its perch he was with his regiments or watching them walk abreast in front of him. Malunga also rose at cock crow before sunrise and as Chaka had no wife it was Malunga who took in his hand the fire-steel. Always when he rose Malunga went out to see the cattle being killed for the regiments to eat, and he doctored their meat so that those who ate should listen to their commander in a spirit of true obedience. And then he added a drug to make their hearts callous so that they should be absolutely without mercy.

In the second place Chaka put an end to the circumcision. He said that it was of no use and was merely wasting the time that the young boys could spend in learning to fight. For that reason he had two different grades of regiments: Young men who carried shields and fought, and boys who were being taught to fight. As soon as a young male child had sufficient strength he was taken to the regiments where true manhood was taught. Day after day the child never met his parents or any woman; from morning to night he was with the same band of boys. Their talk and conversation, their songs and praises, their games—all had to do with war. It was the same with the very food they ate. In other words, everything they heard, saw, or did was connected with war, for they never saw anything but spears and battle-axes and shields. And their ornaments were the ornaments worn in war. Thus all the male children of the Mazulu were brought up in a way calculated to harden their hearts. Their business was with blood, because he who knew the art of killing was the one looked upon as 'circumcised,' as a 'man'. These boys waited a long long time, watching for their day to arrive, the day when they would come before the tribe, the day of their presentation. When they went to war they used to go eagerly, like a dog that has been trained well, but forbidden to hunt, and with its teeth it itches to tear the goats, and perhaps even to bite men. These boys, too, went out like that, unable to distinguish between men and women, between children and old women. This was the second thing Chaka did.

The third thing was that Chaka forbad his regiments to marry; marriage was for those who were grown men. He said that the married man—when men were being killed in the thick of the battle—the married man thought of his wife and children, so that he ran away and

disgraced himself. But the unmarried man fought to kill instead of being killed, and to conquer, so that he might enjoy the praises of the maidens. All the same Chaka did not forbid them absolutely. He promised that the troop that surpassed the others in war would be released first from this bondage of celibacy, even if they had not remained long in that state; more, they would be given wives by the chief himself. But if there was no troop outstanding, then they would all be released in turn, beginning with the first which would be released at a time chosen by the chief. But such troops would have to find their own wives.

Also, if a warrior surpassed his fellows in the troop and did better than they, if he continued to be prominent, he could be put in command or released from restrictions while the others remained as before. That is to say, there was no fixed time for promotion; a man, as it were, fixed his own time according to his worth. Each year a man could begin in the lowest troop, working his way up, until he came to the top of the last troop and passed out from the bonds of celibacy and was married by the chief and given oxen to begin a new life that fitted such men. The reader must remember that above all else on earth the Black Races love to marry. Often in speaking of the good things of life people do not mention marriage, because marriage is life. Therefore we can understand well how hard the warriors of Chaka worked to gain this reward. To set his regiments an example Chaka remained a bachelor till the end of his life. This is the third and the most important thing that Chaka did.

And, lastly, until Chaka became chief each warrior made use of the spears belonging to his troop, which all had long handles and were thrown at the enemy. In addition to this some had a battle-axe or a knobkerrie.

Chaka abolished all this. Each warrior was given one spear only, which had a broad blade and a short handle so that it could not be thrown. And strict orders were given that these spears should not be thrown at the enemy, that they were to be used for stabbing, and that it was essential that they should be so used. If this spear was to do its work properly it had to be used in close conflict, and under those conditions it wrought terrible havoc; it could tear a man's flesh to pieces or make a great gaping wound in his body that was nearly always fatal. Also, all warriors when they returned from war were bound to return with their spear, or not return at all. Further, they should bring back the spear of the man they had killed. These spears of the enemy were reforged and preserved for the regiments of young boys until the time when they should come to hold a spear. Every spear passed through the hands of Malunga for him to doctor with medicines and with snake poison, so that it would bring certain death to whoever was struck by it.

After Chaka changed the name of his clan and chose instead the beautiful name of Zulu (that is, 'Heaven'), he desired to obtain also a form of greeting that would suit his new clan-name, and that would sound well in the ears of all.

One day, after the regiments had performed their drill, he gathered them together, and called also the men of his city and said to them: 'My children, at night when I was sleeping, Nkulunkulu sent the greatest among his messengers to me, who said that I should teach his tribe of the Mazulu, a greeting, fine and honourable, a greeting fit for their chief, the chief that Nkulunkulu has placed over all the chiefs of the earth, and over all the tribes that are under the sun and the moon, that they may do homage to him, and kneel before him.

'And ye, my children, shall remain with me and join in my rule and shall be honoured by all the tribes as I am honoured. It is Nkulunkulu's promise that if you obey me with a true obedience and hearken to my commands to perform them, as I obey Nkulunkulu and hearken to His commands to perform them, your children will see even greater things than these that ye see, and for you, when ye go to your Fathers, Nkulunkulu will send the Divine Goddess of the Mazulu to meet you, and take you to his presence where ye shall rule with Him, and with those who have hearkened unto His commands.

'The greeting that I was commanded to teach you was Bayete. It is a greeting that ye shall use for me alone, and for none other; even in jest say not Bayete to any man, for to say it is death. This word ye shall use only when ye greet me. Nkùlunkulu says that I should tell you that if ye honour not this greeting as He has commanded you to honour it, lions will tear you to pieces, your cattle will fail to give birth ever again, your women will not conceive, your fields will not bring forth, rain will not fall, and your enemies will wax strong against you.

'I charge you then, my children, honour this command of Nkulunkulu.

'And this is the meaning of Bayete, 'He that is between God and man', that is to say, 'The Little God through whom the Great God rules all the chiefs and tribes upon earth.'

Next Chaka reformed the clothing and ornaments of his warriors, because he wished for neatness among his regiments. He wanted them to be dressed alike, and for each regiment to have its own distinctive apparel. Sandals were worn in those days, but Chaka abolished them on the ground that they prevented his warriors

from moving quickly. Apart from this Chaka taught his tribe a proper respect for him and the manner in which they should speak to him. The men, that is the army, he taught a respectful greeting. The chief's guard and the advisers of the chief (but he accepted no advice) were also taught the manner in which *they* should advise and speak with him.

The warriors when they greeted him said:

'Bayete, Father, Lord of lords,
Thou the lion, the elephant to whom none can make reply,
Thou who art greater than us all,
Bayete, Father, Lord of Heaven,
Thou the black one, born to rule with mercy:
Thou who art as big as an elephant,
Thou terror of men,
Thou whose paws are like the lion's,
Thou who art as great as the sky above,
Do thou, Heaven, rule us with mercy.
Bayete Lord! Bayete Father! Bayete Heaven!'

The guard used to rise late in the morning and go to the court in order to be able to greet the chief, and as soon as he appeared, they all rose to their feet and Mopo their head said: 'The sky is clear to-day' (that is, 'the chief is glad'), and they would answer him with: 'If the sky is clear we shall have a pleasant warmth.' And then they went forward together to give the greeting to the chief: 'Bayete Nkosi. Thou, whose warmth is like the warmth of the sun that makes the corn to grow. Hail, our Sun.'

Or else Mopo would say: 'The sky is overcast to-day' ('the chief is not glad'), and they would answer him: 'If the sky is overcast, we are glad, because it bringeth to us the blessing of rain.' That meant that many men were about to be killed.

The young girls, the sisters of the chief, when they greeted him, used to say: 'Sakubona Mtan Omhle, Bayete Mhlekazi,' or: 'Bayete Nkosi, Uteku lwa bafazi ba kwa Nomgabi, Ababelutekula ba hleze emlovini. Bayete Zulu.'

Everything that Chaka said or did or took pleasure in had but one end only—war. And that was why the improvements begun by Dingiswayo came to nothing, because all the men were in the army and all the attention of the women was devoted to the army. Here are the 'praises' of Chaka in Zulu so far as we have been able to discover them.

TO CHAKA

(*The Cunning Fox, Son of Msenteli*).

Chaka, I am afraid to call him Chaka,
Chaka, the king of a lowly people,
The sea of the women of Nomgabi
Whom they played with at their pleasure.
They thought Chaka would not become king and rule,
But that same year he showed himself born to rule.
He appeared against the people of Manzuluma
And the day after the people of Manzuluma were scattered.
He was the fire that burnt Mjokwane and Ndaba,
The fire that burnt with fury,
That burnt the owl of Dhlebe,
That burnt also the owl of Madehlana.
Their cattle were taken and made to follow behind him.
He looked towards the people of Dungelo
And towards the people of Mafongosi,
Who belonged to the servants of Mavela.
He was the lightning that struck the village of Ekuqobekeni,

That captured the shield of the Mabele,
That ate up Nomhlanjana born of Zwide,
That ate up too Mpepa born of Zwide.
He was the elephant who hunted the people of Langa,
Who ate up Mpondo-Pumela the giant of the Mabele,
Who ate up Mtimona born of Gaqa.
He was the calf that climbed on the house of Ntombazi.
They thought he would be beaten as they were beaten.
He was the elephant that turned its head and ate men,
The elephant that roared from the streamlet,
The lightning that struck and devoured the Mabele.
The women left the hoes scattered in the fields,
They left the seed at their ruined homes.
At Somdomba he ate two sheep,
One ox only escaped.
He doth not take council with the people nor with councillors;
He is like a son-in-law to a mother-in-law.
He was the ape which they planned to kill, yet he escaped:
They thought he was a sucking ape.
He was a lover of the lowly, where they congregated;
He made love to his brother's hinds.
He was born of Hlayukana and he raiseth a black cloud of dust.
He is loved by the women of the Mazulu.
Jump on my back my brother and let us go:
Other children are on their mother's backs.
If thou ask a reason, thou shalt be left,
Thou shalt be behind like the tail of an ox,
Like the locust that is gathered by the spear of the man that comes behind,
The locust that straighteneth itself out in death.'

Chapter Eighteen

THE DEATH OF NOLIWE

THE months for reflection appointed by Isanusi came to an end, and Chaka's decision was not altered; he stood where he did before. As we have said already there was one great obstacle to Chaka's marriage, namely, to whom should he give the cattle? For it was obvious that he could not take Noliwe in marriage for nothing, as if she were a wastrel. All the same Chaka continued to visit Noliwe and she became pregnant. And now she longed for Chaka's love, and always wept if she could not see him.

And Chaka loved Noliwe in return; she was the one person we could imagine Chaka as loving, if he loved any woman with sincerity. All that is good, all that is beautiful, all that a true wife can give her husband, Chaka would have got from Noliwe if from any one. And although he was bartering her away in this fashion and was planning to kill her, yet his conscience troubled him, and gave him no rest, telling him always that he had descended from the level of a man. But because of the chieftainship he smothered his conscience and pressed on, bearing death on his shoulders.

It was beginning to be clear that the methods used by Ndlebe and Malunga were without any doubt leading him to the chieftainship that he desired, and so he swallowed his fears and hardened his heart.

Malunga told him that the period promised had already passed, and that doubtless Isanusi had allowed it to pass on purpose so that Chaka might be fixed in his resolve. Then Chaka said: 'But the delay of Isanusi will embarrass me, for I am eager now to go to war. We have been here doing naught for a long time, and the rust will eat into our spears.'

Malunga said: 'Yea, but according to the way I have been working thou canst not go to war without shedding the blood of the one that thou dost love, and *that* is Isanusi's part not mine. If after deliberation thou sparest Noliwe, *I* can do naught. It is Isanusi alone that can undo what I have done. He only it is who can both go forward and go back, who can do and undo.' Chaka heard and he understood that it was still possible to have mercy on Noliwe and spare her, and his thoughts were troubled.

The evening of that day Isanusi arrived and went to them in the hut, and Chaka and he were alone, and he broached the question: 'How is it with thee Chaka? Hast thou decided to live with Noliwe as thy wife as was determined by Dingiswayo and his tribe and also by thee, or hast thou determined to win the chieftainship?'

'I, Chaka, know not how to make my tongue say two different things. What I have said I have said, Isanusi.' Isanusi remained silent for a long while and gazed on the ground. At last he raised his head and said, 'Greeting, my kinsmen. Malunga, how is it with thee? Hast thou done thy work?'

'I have done it and I have finished, Isanusi. We are waiting but for thee, whose part it is to complete and to finish.'

Isanusi said: 'The medicine has been given to the warriors and they have not known of it?' 'It has been given, Isanusi.' 'The spears have been newly forged and prepared in the proper manner, as are the spears of the warriors in our country?' 'They have been forged, and they have been prepared, Isanusi.' 'The medicines have been correctly mixed?' 'They have been correctly mixed, Isanusi. All that thou didst command have I done in the way that thou commandedst it and have finished.'

Isanusi turned to Ndlebe and said, 'Ndlebe, what hast thou done since I departed?'

'I have prepared with drugs the hearts of the people, of the men and of the women, so that whatever Chaka may do they will perceive is right, because it is done by Chaka —Chaka who was sent by the Gods unto men. Further, I have given them of Forgetfulness to eat so that where there was doubt they may forget it and be without understanding, so that they may see naught, but look only to Chaka and regard him as they regard Nkulunkulu.' Isanusi smiled and said, 'Thou hast worked well in a weighty matter.' Then Isanusi again asked Chaka the question that he had just asked him, and Chaka gave the same answer as before. Again Isanusi was silent for a long time and was perplexed like a judge unwilling to condemn one whom he loved, yet bound by circumstances to condemn him and to pass a hard sentence—against his will.

And then Isanusi said: 'Think well, Chaka. What has been done by my servants can be undone, but that which I will do through the blood of Noliwe, thy wife, even I cannot undo. What will be done will be done for ever. Therefore a man must understand what he doth while there is yet time, lest afterwards he repent and it is of no avail. When I departed from thee I told thee that to-day we would teach thee the innermost secrets of witchcraft, and so it is; for we are witch-doctors mightier than all others. If thou dost determine to win the chieftainship, thou wilt become a different man and be like unto the chiefs of our country. But I will ask thee yet again and do thou answer speaking the truth that is in thy heart and fear nothing, fear not even that I shall weary thee again to no purpose. Which dost thou choose—Noliwe, or the chieftainship?'

And Chaka answered, 'The chieftainship.'

In the twinkling of an eye Isanusi's brow cleared and lit up and the gloom that had enveloped him fled and gave place to joy, and he said: 'Thou hast answered like a man after my own heart. I have no patience with one whose thoughts waver. With these questions I tested thee to know the depth of thy understanding and I see that thou art a man: when thou hast spoken, thou hast spoken. Thou art a chief and thy answer is the answer of a chief. To-day I know what thou art, and I will work with a joyful heart even more than before, since I know thy nature. Through the death of Noliwe thou wilt learn of many things, and though thou wilt not discover them at once thou wilt discover them later. Thou shalt learn, too, that there is no death, there is no destruction. When it is said that a man has died he has not died but has been changed; the breath of his life has left this dry skin that is his body, and has gone to another land that is more glorious than the sun, and he goeth to live there retaining his true nature, even as thou hast heard the voice of thy father speaking with thee—and it was he himself that spoke. He that hath worked well on earth will reap a rich harvest there; he that hath done naught here reapeth naught there, for all that a man doth here the sun when it sets takes with it to that great city of the living, the city of those who, *ye* say, have died and are dead. And his acts await him there, ever growing, ever increasing, like the cattle that bring forth calves each year. But if a man has done little, his acts instead of increasing decrease and diminish. It is with him as with a man that hath ploughed little, and when he saith he will thresh his few ears of corn that are but a handful, instead of an abundance they fill but one small leathern bag or are lost amid the dust of the threshing floor, and he is left destitute and empty-handed.

'Even now thou art about to enter in to the number of

the mighty, yea, even the mighty that I see even now where they dwell, surrounded by the glory of their works, they who were men, who strove and laboured in their day, and wrought manfully. Even now thou art about to enter into the number of the chiefs who are like unto the chiefs of our land.' Then Isanusi began to be sad and was silent as if he were on the point of revealing to Chaka the secrets of the land beyond the grave. Chaka listened to all this with eagerness and excitement and with an urgent longing to reach soon a chieftainship of such a kind.

Then Isanusi continued and said: 'Thou art a man of understanding, Chaka; truly there are not many like unto thee for knowing the times. For there is a time in the life of man which, if it pass him and leave him, then fortune has passed him by, such fortune as he will never see again until he comes to lie in the cold earth. But if he give heed to the time and perceive it, he can win a happiness that will never again elude him. One such time was when I found thee asleep under the bush: if thou hadst not chosen manhood then, where wouldst thou have been?' (And Chaka said to himself, 'Indeed where should I have been?')

'To-day is another such time. Thou hast known how to choose the path along which thou wilt walk and the way in which thou wilt live on earth, and when thou diest thy kingdom will be without limits. And greatest of all, thy fame and the glory of thy reign—thou wilt find it all there increased tenfold among thy fathers when thou comest to them, and it will be for ever and ever; for there is no death: there men live for ever according as they have lived here on earth.' Isanusi was again silent for a long while and then he drew Chaka to him and they went outside where he looked up at the sky and pointed to the

stars: 'The number of thy warriors will soon be greater than the multitudinous stars thou seest in the heavens. Among the tribes thou wilt shine as doth the sun when no clouds cover it, before which when it riseth the stars disappear. And before thee, too, the tribes will indeed disappear when thou appearest, for the blood of Noliwe will bring to thee untold riches.'

The reader can imagine what were the thoughts of Chaka when he was promised such fame and such glory, and was promised them by the one whom he knew to speak the truth in all things. Nevertheless, things remained as they were for a few days and nothing was done; they were waiting till near the time when Chaka should go down in the morning to the river, so that the deed might be done then.

The next day Chaka, after he returned from watching his regiments drill, found that Isanusi and his attendants were no longer there but had gone to procure medicines from the veld and the bush. He entered Noliwe's hut and found her alone with her servant girl, and at once when he saw her he discovered that she had a beautiful brown colour, her skin was smooth and shining, and her beauty was overpowering. There was a look of tenderness in her sparkling eyes. Her voice, when she spoke to Chaka her beloved, far surpassed in his ears the war songs and praises which he had persuaded himself were so beautiful. The tone of her voice was beautifully pitched, clear yet soft, and full of sincerity without guile or deceit. But above all, her eyes, which so clearly said, 'I am thine, Chaka, my whole self is thine, in life and in death.' At that moment her beauty made him dumb, so that he could not speak, but stood there powerless. He rubbed his eyes and looked away, and when he looked at Noliwe again he found that her beauty was greater than ever; it was a

beauty befitting the woman so dearly loved by Nkulunkulu who had been chosen out by him to show to men the perfection of womanhood. In Chaka's mind a whirlwind seemed to spring up, a mighty tempest shook him and the dust flew: then he went. When Isanusi returned he said to him, even before Chaka spoke: 'Thou art a man indeed, Chaka. I saw the confusion of thy thoughts when thou didst look upon Noliwe, but thou holdest to thy manhood like a chief, for a chief should not vary his purposes from day to day.'

As Chaka's day approached Noliwe sickened, for she was pregnant, and she was suffering from her burden, although her pregnancy was not yet so advanced that people would take notice. On the evening before Chaka was to go down to the pool Chaka went to her, taking with him a long needle of the kind used for sewing grain baskets. He found her sitting alone with only her handmaiden, in order to be quiet, and as he entered the handmaiden went out. There was a fire of wood burning and its flames provided a bright light which lit up the hut.

Chaka approached her; he fondled and kissed her and then asked what ailed her. Noliwe answered 'Chaka, my lord, thy brow frowns and thy voice soundeth strained and sorrowful. What hath vexed thee?' Chaka said that nothing had vexed him except that he had been angered by some scoundrel during the drill of his warriors. They continued thus, speaking together happily and exchanging kisses, when suddenly Chaka pressed his strong hand down upon Noliwe's mouth and pierced her with the needle under the armpit. Then he turned her on her side and raised up the part that had been pierced so that the blood might flow back into the wound. When Noliwe was on the point of death her eyelids fluttered a few times and she said: 'Chaka, my beloved, thou who art now my

father, who art Jobe, who art Dingiswayo, who art . . .' the brief candle of her life went out, and her pure spirit fled and went to Dingiswayo to the place of glory above. When Chaka saw her eyelids flutter he was terrified, he began to tremble, and then he fled. When Noliwe was quite dead, Chaka felt within himself something like a heavy stone falling, falling, till it rested on his heart.

He fled outside, but his eyes were dim and he saw nothing, save only the face of Noliwe on the point of death, when her eyelids had fluttered. His ears were stopped, and he heard nothing save only Noliwe's last cry. When he recovered he found himself with Isanusi in the hut and Isanusi was saying words of praise: 'Now thy name hath been enrolled among the number of our chiefs, even the great and the mighty.'

The poor girl who was with Noliwe when Chaka entered was killed; it was said that she had not spoken when Noliwe was ill, so that Noliwe died and none knew of it. And Ndlebe spread the report that it was she who had bewitched Noliwe. Isanusi had now taken from Noliwe the thing he wanted to take (what it was we do not know), and he prepared it as he alone knew how and the next morning he went with Chaka to the river and Malunga and Ndlebe were there. And when they returned Isanusi made haste to go to his own home.

So died Noliwe, daughter of Jobe, sister of Dingiswayo, and wife of Chaka.

Chapter Nineteen

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE COWARDS

AFTER the death of Noliwe Chaka underwent a great change for the worse, both in his outward appearance and in his inner nature—in his intentions and acts. In the first place all remnants of humanity still left to him disappeared and vanished in the terrible blackness of his heart. His capacity to distinguish between war and murder or mere killing was gone—absolutely. To him it was all as one: he regarded both in the same light. And secondly, his real self perished completely, a spirit more animal than human took full possession of him. For although he had always been a cruel man, he had yet remained a *man*, his cruelty had been the cruelty of a *man*. One who shed the blood of others for the sake of the chieftainship, who shed the blood of a human being like Noliwe, must obviously have regarded the blood of men and of the animals that we kill as in no way dissimilar. The killing of Noliwe was worse than anything Chaka did when winning the chieftainship. The blood of Noliwe left a mark upon him that could not be washed away, like the mark on the chiefs of the country of Isanusi. Nandi's sorrow when she heard of the death of Noliwe was inconceivable, because she loved her dearly and regarded her as her daughter.

After this great act of preparation Chaka went to war with the Butelezi and the people of Qwabe (the Amaqwabe), in order to try his strength and test the young men he had trained and to see how his regiments would fight. And he went to war with twice as many regiments as Dingiswayo had had. Throughout the whole of Kafirland there was peace and prosperity, the land was at rest and the tribes were quietly enjoying their happiness, and

then Chaka went on the war-path with his regiments to put an end to that peace upon earth.

It is quite obvious that in these two wars some must have fled, some must have lost their weapons, some have thrown them, and some returned without them. It is so in all tribes; men are killed and weapons lost. In these two wars Chaka used only his new regiments and kept the old in reserve. And among these new regiments there was only one that stood its ground and fought on when the others had fled, and although the enemy pressed heavily upon it and almost exterminated it, it stood fast without wavering for a moment, until Chaka came to the rescue and saved it. Many of the others often fell back in the heat of the conflict and then quickly returned to the attack: but this regiment never flinched.

There was a young man in this regiment whom Chaka never lost sight of. When the attack was made he went forward with his eyes sunk far back into his head and he held his spear lightly behind him and seized his shield by its covering of skin and threw forward his chest, like a water-bird when it swims. As soon as they came to close quarters he became alive with eagerness; he parried with his shield and seized it by the thong and thrust with his spear at his enemy with an upward thrust. His methods of fighting in these two wars closely resembled Chaka's own methods when he was a warrior. And his name was Umziligazi.

When Chaka reached home he gave word that all grown men and the women should come to their chief's hut Umgungundhlovu; even the regiments of young boys were to be collected and come, that is to say the whole tribe that he ruled was to gather together outside the wall of the city. When they had assembled he went there, preceded by Mopo (Umbopa), the head of the chief's

guard, and behind him came the one new regiment that had fought well in those two wars. As Mopo walked forward he sang of the boundless wisdom of the chief and the righteousness of his judgements. When Chaka had come within the circle, he raised on high his small spear used for divining and there was silence. Then he called all the regiments with which he had gone to war and commanded them to step forward. They did so and he ordered every warrior to show his spear and the spear of the man he had killed. They showed them and those that had no second spear to show or had lost their own were placed on one side. After that he called for those who had fled in battle, and they were deprived of their spears and their uniform and were placed by themselves on one side. Those that had thrown their spears were called up, and they too were placed by themselves on one side.

The commanders of the regiments were close to the chief, surrounding him. Chaka looked upon them and looked too upon the men he had placed on one side in the circle and then he raised his spear, the spear that had killed thousands, and there was silence. The commanders prepared to listen carefully to what the chief was about to say. Then he spoke: 'Let the regiments Unkandle and Myozi come forward.' At once their commanders ran and brought them forward and they entered the circle and Chaka lifted up his voice and said: 'All ye here, listen with your ears and hear, open your eyes and see, witness now the act I am about to do and the law I am about to make with regard to these men. Do ye see these men?' And the crowd answered: 'We see them, Chief.' And Chaka said: 'They are cowards that fled in battle when I had strictly charged them that none should do any disgraceful act among my regiments, because he who flees in battle puts to shame our name and the name of the

Amazulu, which means "those who cannot be overcome." And when these men turned in flight it was a sign that one day the Amazulu would be overcome. They are therefore worthy of the uttermost penalty.'

Here Malunga ran forward and spoke: 'The commands of the chief must be obeyed and honoured by every warrior, because he who obeys not the commands of the chief obeys not the commands of Nkulunkulu who sent the chief to teach war to his children the Amazulu and to deliver them from their enemies.' And Chaka turned his head in every direction and looked on all sides and the people trembled, because when Chaka was angry he became nothing other than a wild animal. He looked upon those two regiments in the middle of the circle and raised up his spear and pointed with it to those who had turned their backs in the fight; he pointed with it and remained silent. Swiftly in the twinkling of an eye his warriors fell upon the victims like hyenas upon sheep. They died by thousands and became the food of vultures, there by their own homes, not on the battlefield, but in the sight of their own parents, in the sight of the young girls and children. There they were shown for cowards indeed, worse than all cowards that had ever been.

When they had been killed there was absolute silence. When Chaka was angry his mouth used to be marked with flecks of foam. Then the chief's guard, the men chosen to give council to the chief, said: 'Lo, the wisdom of the chief. Through this act there will be no more cowards among the Zulus. No warrior will turn his back on the foe again.'

As they said this they bowed down to the ground, to show their admiration of Chaka. About twenty people of Zwide's tribe, that had now come under the rule of Chaka, wept when they saw the slaughter—wept for their

sons or their brothers. Then Chaka commanded that they should be brought to him, he would comfort them in their sorrow.

When the victims had been dragged out from the crowd Chaka again raised his spear and whispered to his commanders that the regiments of Linare and Lilepe ('Buffaloes and Axes') should come forward. As these two regiments advanced, the people perceived that the slaughter was not yet at an end and they were very frightened; never had they seen such a slaughter before. Ndlebe, meanwhile, was darting hither and thither among the crowd and bringing all who wept or grieved for their children to the chief, for him to comfort them.

'These men ye see here are cowards like unto the others. They have lost their weapons, the weapons I laboured to make stout and strong with the potent medicines of the Zulus.' Then some one cried out and said: 'Clear it is that if they lost their spears, they fled.' Chaka paced up and down and then stood still and looked round. Then raising his spear he pointed at the men, never saying a word. And the vultures quickly flew away to one side, for the warriors were bringing them food—and yet more food.

And the chief's guard said: 'Behold his understanding. Never again shall the spears of the Zulus be lost, never again shall the chief labour in vain for spears that are lost by design when men flee.'

And Chaka raised his spear yet a third time, and when the people saw it they became pale and white with fright. And he said: 'Those ye see, who returned from the fight with no spears captured, that means they killed no man.' And a cry rang out among the crowd: 'If they killed no man, it is clear that they went to battle as an empty sound only, afraid to go where the fight was hot, where the

weapons were doing their work. They are cowards.' And two or three commanders of the tribes that had been scattered said: 'Alas, let not thy hand be heavy, Chief, enough have been killed by the spear, be merciful, Lord.' Chaka answered that he had heard: let them come to him. The spear again pointed to those for whom intercession had been made and again the vultures dashed to one side when their food was brought to them; but now they were sated, they left the remains for the jackal which fears to eat when the sun is up.

And the guard said: 'Lo, his understanding. It is as a deep pool that has no bottom. Among the regiments of the Zulus no warrior will ever again go to battle as an empty sound only.' And they made signs to each other with their eyes so that the chief might see that they were truly astonished at his wisdom that was without compare.

Again Chaka raised his spear and whispered to his commanders and again two regiments entered the circle and the people were consumed with fear. 'These are they that threw at the enemy the spears of the Zulus that were made to kill by stabbing. Thus they made of no avail the potency of the medicines with which they were prepared.' As he was speaking his mother Nandi came and threw herself at the feet of her son and said: 'Alas, Chief, hear me. I say to thee, let not thy hand be heavy, Zulu. It is the first time that they have failed thee, and they have seen the enormity of their fault. They will repent and fight thy wars for thee, Lord.' Chaka was silent, never a word. And Nandi clung to the ground. Then he said: 'For my mother's sake only, because she is my mother who gave me birth and took me from Nkulunkulu and brought me into the world, I forgive you. Act not so again.' And Chaka bade his mother go and return home for he had heard her prayer. When Nandi had gone, Chaka shouted

aloud. 'The condemnation of the warriors is at an end. I commanded you to listen attentively that ye might hear, and to open your eyes that ye might see, and ye have both heard and seen. All of you here to-day and ye boys as well can now know that whoever doth any act like to what has been done, his punishment is death. I called you that ye might understand and see for yourselves. My laws must be unswervingly obeyed, a man must obey them in his heart, for whosoever performs my laws only from compulsion, him will I cast yonder.' (And he pointed to where the corpses were lying.) 'These are my last words. Listen attentively yet again and hear, open your eyes and see, and see clearly. These men ye have seen to weep, and to weep thus is to say that I have committed wrong in my judgements, and to say that Chaka has committed wrong is a grievous sin. And this weeping will discourage the hearts of the warriors in war if they are to feel that they are dying unwept, and they will flee. Now, therefore, I will teach them to weep for their children in the right way, since I have said that they should come to me for comfort, and I will make them to forget the death of those they weep for.' And the commanders hearkened, and then he said: 'These eyes of theirs that are filled with pools of water, pluck them; in this way these people will forget their children that have sinned so grievously.' In the twinkling of an eye their eyes were torn out; they were allowed outside the circle to find their way home if they could, or else to fall over precipices.

And the guard said: 'Never since the world began have there been judgements like unto these judgements. His words and his actions bear witness that he has been sent by Nkulunkulu.'

And again Chaka raised his spear for the last time and said: 'These men ye see now—their tongues were active

and ye have heard them. They will spoil my warriors in that they will wish to make petition for them.' He ceased speaking and then he said: 'These tongues of theirs that chatter so, pull them out by the roots, do not cut them, for they will grow again. In this way they will cease to meddle in the affairs of chiefs when they rebuke their people.' In the twinkling of an eye the men's tongues were rooted out and they perished.

And the guard said: 'We praise thee, we greet thee, Zulu. Righteous are thy judgements and without favour. Thine eyes see into the hearts of men, where none other can see. Thine ears hear the thoughts of men that they think within their souls. All thy acts bear witness, Zulu, that thou art a man, that thou art the servant of Nkulunkulu, that thou art the Zulu, the lord of us all.' If any of them were to speak in a way displeasing to Chaka, his punishment would be death. And Chaka shouted for the last time: 'He that has seen has seen, and he that has heard has heard.'

The regiment that had refused to flee even when the fight was hot was given all the spoil taken from the Qwabe and the Butelezi. The oxen they were given became their wealth and not their food; of these Chaka took not a single head although they were very many. And over and above this they were released from service, and entered into the number of the famous regiments that only fought in cases of great necessity. In other words the time when they could marry was very close at hand. Umziligazi was promoted and made commander of this same regiment and was allowed to choose for himself a hundred oxen and as many bulls from the oxen of the chief. So did Chaka divide the spoil among his brave men.

On this day the men that were killed could be counted by tens of thousands. Thus was cowardice brought to an

end among the Zulus and from that time the Zulu warriors when they went to war understood clearly the meaning of the saying, 'A man child is an ox for the vultures.' They understood, too, that they were not the children of their parents, but of the chief. They made up their minds to conquer or to die, rather than be killed like dogs at home before the eyes of the women. From that time one Zulu was equal to ten of the enemy and could put them to flight. When they went to war again, Chaka's command to his regiments was, 'Go forward, my children, and fight and return victorious, bringing the booty. Return in that wise or not at all.'

This is only the beginning of the many slaughterings of Chaka. Those who saw what happened on that day were delirious all night and wasted away, for it was the first time that men had seen such things.

Chapter Twenty

CHAKA MAKES WAR AGAINST THE SOUTH UMZILIGAZI

AFTER the slaughter of the cowards Chaka at once made war against the south. He completed his conquest of the Amaqwabe and fought against the Abatembu, the Amafunze, and the Amacunu. These were the first tribes to be scattered by Chaka with regiments formed of different nations. Chaka killed them without mercy and burnt their villages and their crops; and instead of returning home with all this booty, he took up his position where he was and remained some months. While he was there he did a great deal of damage and literally swept men to death and the young men he kept on forcing into his regiments.

After this he again went down and crossed the Tukela and scattered the Amabomvu and the Abakwamacibise. The sheep and cattle of these tribes he thrust to the rear and passed on. By this time he did not often have to fight. The people were now so afraid of him that as soon as his regiments appeared they fled. Later the sound of his name alone was enough for them, and as soon as it was reported that Chaka was at hand they immediately left their villages and fled. His name became renowned, and wherever men congregated, and in the houses of the women, and even on the veld among the herdboys, the talk was of nothing but Chaka.

These tribes that fled before Chaka slaughtered the smaller tribes in their passage and completely devoured their cattle and their corn and everything that they had. And the tribes farther on who had not yet heard of Chaka blocked their way and fought against those who were fleeing from Chaka; so those who were fleeing were

attacked on every side—by Chaka from behind and by the owners of the country they were passing through from in front. But as it was Chaka that they had to flee from they united together and formed one huge force, and since they easily trampled on all the tribes that were in their path, they wreaked their vengeance on them instead of on Chaka. The tribes to the south were in a tumult, and so terrible was the slaughter that sometimes they were wading in blood. Often Chaka found the people resigned, submissive, with no strength to fight, and he simply came and finished the work of destruction. The number killed by Chaka and his regiments was far less than the number killed by the fugitives. And that was the beginning of the 'great wars' and the time of unsettlement—it all dates from Chaka.

In these wars Chaka killed all that were married, both men and women, and the old people and the children, that is to say all the adult population that had known their chiefs and their rule and would not be able to change and become true Zulus. The children he killed because they would be in the way or would incite to pity if they were left when their parents had gone. All the young men and women were granted their lives on the assumption that they would soon forget their homes and become Zulus in mind and spirit. The girls were made slaves to serve the soldiers, so that afterwards when they were released from their restrictions they might be able to find wives from amongst them.

Wherever Chaka had passed there was to be seen the smoke of the villages he had burnt in order that the people might have no place of refuge. There could be seen, too, the smoke of their crops that he had burnt so that even those who had escaped might die of hunger. Even so, a few remnants often escaped, and in his anger Chaka, when he saw that there were still some people hiding away

where he could not reach them, killed their dogs so that they would not be able to kill wild animals any more and would die and come to a complete end and all perish from the earth. He was indifferent whether they perished by the spear or from hunger, so long as they perished.

Before the coming of Chaka's regiments the country looked good, adorned with villages and cultivation and large herds of cattle. But wherever those regiments had passed there was desolation only and no villages, no cultivation, no herds of cattle—nothing, except perhaps some wild animals. Wolves and hyenas followed in large numbers behind Chaka's regiments and stalked them. Where they stopped there they also stopped, because they knew that wherever the regiments went they would find food without having to hunt for it or make any effort: they would eat 'bulbs already peeled'. The earth became wild and overgrown and stank with death to the sky above. The fields lay fallow and none tilled them, for as soon as any one began to till Chaka saw it and spread his men in that direction. What had been villages were now ruins—places to make men's hair stand on end.

And then it was that because of the famine people first began to eat men, as the flesh of a slaughtered animal is eaten. They hunted each other like wild animals and ate what they killed. It was the famine that caused them to begin, and afterwards they continued in their cannibalism out of habit. The first cannibal was a Kafir called Undava, who lived near where the city called Durban is to-day. And after a few years the persecution and distress from the east climbed the mountains and entered Basutoland and there, too, cannibals appeared as a result of the famine. This was the worst of all the evil things of those times, and this too was caused by Chaka, the originator of all that was evil.

And Chaka returned from the country of the Amatuli and gathered together the cattle of the tribes he had scattered, and went with them and placed them at cattle posts in the same country that was now uninhabited. The black and the white had their cattle posts and the yellow and the streaked and the brown-and-white had theirs, and so on. And when he had returned home he released his veteran regiments from their bondage of bachelorhood and gave them oxen for their support. He also gave them young girls who tilled the ground and cooked for them, and thus fulfilled his promise that regiments such as these would be married by him. He gave what was not his to give.

When Chaka had returned from the south where were the tribes of the Amaqwabe, the Amafunze, the Abatembu, the Amacunu, the Amakunze, the Abakwamacibise, the Amabomvu, and the Amatuli? They had been wiped out from beneath the sun, they had gone where Zwide's tribe had gone. When he returned there were only wild animals to be seen in the country, not one human being, for all had perished and were no more.

And that was when messengers from Moshoeshoe came to Chaka, after his return from the south, to pay tribute, and Moshoeshoe declared by the mouth of his messengers that he was no chief, but the servant of Chaka, and that he did not know of any other chief existing save only Chaka. Chaka received this tribute with joy, and abandoned his intention of making war on Moshoeshoe and planned instead to make him his lieutenant, so that some of his regiments might remain over there and fight on that side of the mountains. He was delighted with the words of Moshoeshoe, and frequently said them over to himself: 'Moshoeshoe says that he does not know of any other chief existing save only me. Then men have already

begun to say that I alone am a chief upon earth, but as yet I have done nothing; this is only a beginning. What will it be when I have accomplished the plans that I have laid? What will they say then?'

Chaka went to war again against the Amangwana, the men of Matiwane, who had already retired up against the mountains, and scattered them easily: they fled from him almost before he had started out. In their flight they fell upon the Mahlubi at Bungani (Pokane) and fought against them and scattered them, and the Mahlubi were thus the first to climb the mountains, but they climbed them with difficulty, being pressed hard by the Amangwana. If the reader is to realize the terrible nature of a retreat at that time, he must know that the old and the children were left behind. The soldiers left even their wives and their sisters when they were tired out by the journey, because there was no chance to do anything else. The jackal that plagued Thaba Bosiu was Matiwane. In Basutoland the 'great wars' began with the Mahlubi and Amangwana.

After this war Chaka did not again go to battle; only his regiments and their commanders went out, while he himself remained at home. Umziligazi was now at the head of all Chaka's commanders and was followed in rank by Manukuza. In the many wars in the north Moselekatse (the Sesuto form of the Zulu name Umziligazi) and the regiments always went out, and on every occasion he returned all the booty to his chief, and although Chaka gave him a large share the greed of his servant was not satisfied. The real reason was that Moselekatse did not like to have any one over him or to be doing the will of another man instead of his own will. He did not like to fight for another, to capture booty for him, to increase his fame or to put a chief's crown upon his head; he wanted to do all these things for *himself*. He had grave

doubts that, like a dog, he would derive nothing for himself from all his exertions. In the second place Moselekatse was now fully grown, a mature man, and he longed for marriage, but the chief had not yet thought to release him from his bachelorhood. For these reasons he determined to win himself a kingdom in some place far away from Chaka where he might accomplish his desires.

It happened that he was again sent to the north to scatter a certain sub-chief there and plunder all his cattle. Moselekatse went to do this and on the way he found a good opportunity to speak to the warriors under his command. 'My men, what shall we gain by working honestly for Chaka and despising death for his sake? He will never make us chiefs, nor does he even give us a just share of the booty. We capture cattle with our blood while he sits at home with his many wives, and when we return he picks out the worst and gives us those and takes the rest for himself—animals that really *are* cattle. We here to-day are almost past our prime, but we have not yet been allowed to marry, while *he* is married. When we are released we shall no longer be men, even marriage will have no charm. Further, when the enemy fight like men and we cannot capture the cattle, Chaka slays us. Again, Chaka is a man like other men; he is no miracle, no god: what he does we too can do. What he has taught us about war is sufficient for us. To-day we can cut loose from him, throw off the yoke of servitude from our necks and win for ourselves a kingdom of our own, where we will plunder and plunder *for ourselves*, where we will be chiefs and rulers. How do ye regard the matter of which I have spoken?'

The warriors agreed with him, because they were tired of the everlasting marching and the endless fighting which had for its result the destruction by disease or famine or

the spear of the greater part of those who returned. Nevertheless, they said this to Moselekatse: 'If Chaka hears of our intention we shall at once be merely food for the hyenas. If we are to accomplish anything we must go forward and never return to him again.'

But Moselekatse pointed out to them: 'First of all we ought to have wives, Zulu wives: that is to say we ought to go and fetch the girls who are our contemporaries from home, unless we are to marry the dogs that are the other tribes. They are women, grown women, longing for marriage, and they will understand at once that we are bringing them fulfilment and releasing them from their servitude. Think not of the anger of Chaka; remember rather that in all his regiments the greater number of the companies are commanded by me. His warriors will have small hope of victory, for they know me well, and I know that even Manukuza is aweary of this heavy yoke.'

And it was in these companies of Moselekatse that the saying grew up, when any of their number was killed by the enemy and his friends mourned and pitied him—then they said that he who had died was blessed because he had died by the spear and had fulfilled the law that the man-child among the Zulus ought to fulfil.

As Moselekatse approached Chaka he sent men secretly to elope with the girls, and he also sent messengers to Chaka with a yellow bull of a beautiful hue to inform him that he was close at hand. However, he was not able to hurry because of the quantities of cattle that he brought with him. But the ox they drove with all their might and tired it out on the way and killed and ate it. Ndlebe told Chaka that it was a trick, that no oxen were coming and that Moselekatse had determined to desert him. Then Chaka in his anger sent many regiments under Manukuza to go and kill Moselekatse and all who were with him.

But Manukuza, instead of fighting against Moselekatse, found a good opportunity to desert, and fled with those regiments far beyond the Zambezi and won for himself the kingdom of Machakana. And this Manukuza was the father of Gungunyana.

The girls of the generation of Moselekatse thrilled with joy when they heard this call, and said: 'Long ago we said, "When will a brave man of this kind appear?" Under Chaka's rule we are miserable, we grow up and become old without knowing marriage.' The women of those days were strong and fast runners. And so Moselekatse went off with young women only who had no crying babies on their backs. He climbed the mountains by the path through Zwide's land, and found the tribes of the Basuto, the Bechuana, and the Mapeli dwelling in peace with their spears not sharpened for war, and he struck at them like a Red Kafir who stabs once only to kill. Marvellous was the slaughter and many the tribes destroyed. Whenever Moselekatse reached a village he killed the grown men, the women, and the children, and enrolled the youths in his regiments. He burnt the villages and the crops and even the ground where he had camped. In other words, between him and Chaka's pursuing forces there was not a thing left, neither man nor beast, not an ear of corn nor a mealie cob, nothing that could be eaten—only the remains of burnt grass. In this way the forces of Chaka that were in pursuit of him were prevented from going far by hunger.

Such was Moselekatse's flight in the course of which he overturned all the small tribes he passed, until he came to Kurumane in Bechuanaland, and through him the Masaroa and the Bakhothu learnt the name of Chaka—to their cost—and were destroyed. And after that he advanced to Bulawayo and Inyati. In other words the spark

kindled by Chaka in the east crossed the mountains with Moselekatse, and burnt up the tribes in the centre, but only scorched those in the west, so that they were maimed. Where the conflagration had passed nothing was left alive, Mokone and Mosotho, ox and lion, perished together.

Chaka was very angry indeed when his regiments returned without having killed Moselekatse, especially when he heard that Manukuza as well had fled with his warriors. The officers of the regiments that had pursued Moselekatse were burnt alive in a huge fire of wood. Chaka said that that was the death that they deserved, for they had let his enemy escape on purpose and therefore it was obvious that they, too, had been infected by the spirit of disloyalty.

Chapter Twenty-one

NONGOGO AND MNYAMANA

CHAKA'S mind was in amaze, and he became almost mad with anger when he saw how Moselekatse and Manukuza had shamed him, and from now on his spear destroyed both his enemies and the Mazulu themselves; he killed without discrimination. Also from now on Chaka never again made any man commander-in-chief, but he used to give the task of leading his regiments when they went forth to fight to one man and then, when they returned, he would remove him from his office and if the army went out again another man was placed in command. Chaka was angry, suspicious, and he put to death many innocent men simply because he feared that they might imitate those two traitors.

In those days although spears were in existence they were procured with difficulty and were made of iron-stone. About this time, when people were digging for clay far off near the Zambezi they came upon another ore that could easily be worked up to make spears. The discovery of this stone enabled Chaka to kill very many innocent men, more than any one could have imagined possible.

Chaka had a very brave warrior who served him faithfully and with the utmost devotion, and the regiments all loved him: his name was Nongogo. When Chaka saw how the regiments loved Nongogo he was jealous, because he wanted all their love for himself, and he called Nongogo. Nongogo on his way to the chief's hut left his spears at the wall of the city, as he was bound to do, and as soon as he came in sight of the chief he sang the praise songs of the cattle, 'Bayete, Lord of lords. Thou elephant, thou lion with the sharp claws. Thou terror of men. Bayete Father. Bayete Heaven.'

Then he threw himself on the ground and with his belly pressed to the earth crawled forward (this was the fashion in which Chaka was always greeted). Nongogo crawled on until he reached Chaka and then stood up. He stood in front of Chaka prepared to do whatsoever his chief might command, willing to accomplish it just as the chief desired, however hard it might be; he was even ready to die in the attempt rather than to return without having performed the wish of his chief.

When he had come near, Chaka said: 'Take thou two hundred young men and go whither I send thee. I hear that in a country that I wot not of, far in the north, there can be found full easily the iron of which spears are made and full easily can it be worked. I send thee as a spy that thou mayest see if it is so indeed and mayest return with it. Learn thou the manner in which it is dug, and the manner in which it is worked.'

The way in which he spoke made it clear to Nongogo that Chaka was trying to kill him by cunning; he saw, too, that some one had been slandering him to the chief. He left his chief very sad at heart and started to go where he had been sent, although he did not know where it was. Also he was sad because of the smallness of the number of men ordered to go with him.

On the march the tribes fought against him, and harassed him and killed his men, until he was forced to send back to Chaka to beg for an addition to his force. But Chaka refused; those he had with him should suffice. Nongogo went on until he reached the spot and started to return with the stone. And on his return march, one day, he fought a big battle. At sunrise he found himself surrounded by a large force of the enemy. The Zulus stood shoulder to shoulder, formed a square and fought manfully. When the sun set most of the enemy were dead,

but Nongogo was left with only ten men whom he continued to exhort to die like sons of Chaka, let their last resting place be the heaped up bodies of their foes. The enemy saw that they were all being killed by the Mazulu and it was clear that even when the last Zulu was dead probably not more than one of their own men would be surviving and that would profit them nothing. So they let them be and departed.

Nongogo and his ten men were afraid to return by the road by which they had come and so they made for the west in order to avoid any encounters. And they went through the desert where they all died of thirst—all except Nongogo and one other who survived. These two walked on, their feet swollen and blistered, weak from hunger and thirst and tired out by the march and the fighting. Nongogo had wounds all over his body and should have been the first of the two to die; only his determination kept his body and soul together until he could appear once more before his chief. They reached Chaka's country in great pain, unable to walk any farther. So great had been their sufferings that many people who had known them before would not have known them if they had seen them now, for in their present state even the wild animals would not trouble to molest them. Lions came up to them and smelt at them and passed by, hyenas, too, merely sniffed at them and passed by, for they were no longer men, but only skin and bones.

When they had nearly reached their chief, when they first sighted the city in the distance, they saw the regiments at drill—fine young healthy men. Nongogo's companion was grieved and wept; he wept because though they had loved Chaka with such a great love he did not love them. He wept, too, for their recent sufferings during which most of their men had died. The sun set,

and they could not reach home, but slept again on the veld; but this man never woke again, he did not live to see the sun rise on the morrow. When the sun rose Nongogo got up, shook off the dew that had fallen on him, and when he looked at his friend he discovered that the dew was white about his eyelids and even on his mouth. His eyes were turned upwards in death, his face was pointed towards Umgungundlovu in the city of his chief, but he himself belonged to the day that had passed. And now all the pains of the journey they had shared together fell upon Nongogo alone; his eyes were dim and misty, his ears dull, there was a pain in his head and chest, his feet and knees trembled and he could not go forward.

When the shadows began to fall he reached the city and passed through the entrance in the wall, and none spake to him. He went to the hut of the chief in front of the court and begged to see the chief and permission was granted. As soon as he came within sight of Chaka he murmured something that could not be heard, for his jaws were dry and stiff, and then he crawled on his belly towards Chaka, still holding his spear, contrary to the rule. As soon as Chaka saw him he felt a sudden panic because he resembled the tikoloshi (water devil), he had seen at the river when he was bathing, and now he wondered what brought it here then, in the day-time, for all to see.

When Nongogo reached Chaka he stood up swaying, for he could not stand straight. Chaka glanced at him and saw that his spear was the spear of a Zulu. He looked at Nongogo and saw that his blanket was in tatters and his body full of suppurating holes. Blood, too, was coming out from the wounds that his feet had received on the journey, and drops of blood marked his passage to Chaka.

Nongogo took his spear and gave it to Chaka and took out the stone he had been sent to fetch and gave it also, without a word. Then he took off his tattered blanket, still keeping silent, and his broken body was there for Chaka and his guard to see.

He murmured: 'I strove to perform thy command, O chief.' And Chaka said: 'Nongogo. Is it thou, Nongogo?' And he answered: 'It is I, thy servant, O chief.' All were silent—astonished that the Nongogo whom they had known as a fine tall young man should be this shapeless object, resembling something that had died. Chaka: 'Where are thy men?' He asked it in anger, for he saw that Nongogo had come back alive when he had never expected him to return. Nongogo told all the story of his journey; then Chaka said: 'Take this dog hence and strangle him. He hath killed my men and now he lieth to me. Furthermore, I said that he should come with stones enough to make many spears and here he cometh with one only.' The executioners came near but Nongogo spake again, and now his voice was clear so that all could understand: 'Chaka—I do not call thee Chief—it is reported that thou art a man unlike other men and to-day I believe it. I have performed thy hard commands that none other could perform, and the reward I receive from thee is to die. But . . .' He did not finish his speech. In his anger Chaka smote one of the executioners saying that they had delayed to perform his command; the others seized and carried him away and then when they reached the place of execution they found that he too now belonged to the day that had passed.

The other men of the chief's guard in their astonishment and grief, when they saw what had befallen Nongogo, forgot to praise their chief and to marvel at his wisdom and the righteousness of his judgements, and they

too were killed, for Chaka said that by their silence they had condemned the act of their chief. Such was the end of the expedition of Nongogo that was sent out to spy.

After Nongogo had been sent to the north Chaka became suspicious of another of his commanders, Mnyamana, and said to him: 'My cattle remain with the Maswazi and profit me naught. Go thou and fetch them. Take thy troop with thee and depart.' When Chaka spoke in this way whoever was sent knew that his fate was sealed.

Mnyamana went away, and on his journey he thought of what plan he could follow. When he arrived he hid his men in the bush and they discovered all the paths through the bush and the natural strongholds and they saw where the cattle were grazing. By great good fortune the Maswazi were about to make an expedition against the north and when they had gone Mnyamana captured all their cattle. The alarm was given, but when the Maswazi arrived Mnyamana had already left their difficult bush-infested country and the strongholds and the caves and was on the high flats, where one Zulu was the equal of five men of other tribes. So the cattle were lost to the Maswazi, but they cost the commander of the troop, Mnyamana, his life.

When Mnyamana reached the chief's hut he greeted him with joy, although Chaka looked angry, for he had heard already that he was coming driving before him a considerable herd of cattle without having experienced any difficulty, while Chaka himself in person had often failed, although he had all his regiments with him. He said: 'Mnyamana, thou hast returned?' 'Yea, Chief.' 'Where are the oxen that I sent thee to bring?' 'They are here, Chief, yonder.' 'Where are thy men?' 'They are there, Chief, with the oxen.' Chaka was silent for a long time, while he devised a plan, then he said: 'How didst

thou win them?' Mnyamana told him. 'Thou dog, thou hast stolen the oxen of the Maswazi, but I did not bid thee steal them but carry them off by fair means in war. Strangle this thief that is afraid of the sight of the foe. He hath shamed my name, for the tribes will say that I live by theft and not by a knowledge of war, which is the true work of man.' And the executioners took him and carried him out to die.

Such was the reward—a shameful one—that Chaka gave to his brave men and the commanders of his regiments. This murder of Nongogo and Mnyamana was the first severe shock that the commanders and officers received, and the regiments felt it as well, for when a commander was killed his men were killed also. People's minds became more and more disturbed by Chaka's rule when they saw that his spear did not spare even men who had served him so well. Dingana and Mhlangana saw the mood of the people from the very beginning, and instead of trying to calm them they fanned the flame in secret.

Chapter Twenty-two

THE DEATH OF NANDI

AND Chaka sent his regiments fully armed to the north far beyond St. Lucia Bay to scatter the chiefs there and plunder their cattle. But these regiments met with a terrible end in that country. They died by thousands or returned having achieved nothing. At this time Chaka planned to send other regiments of his to a place near where the first had been so that they might become accustomed to the country before going to battle. But before he sent them he caused his army to go towards the south where the Maphoto ambushed them and cut them off and killed large numbers of them so that they returned empty-handed.

When that army returned home, Chaka was very angry and seized the commanders and burnt out their eyes with bars of iron heated in the fire. He said that their eyes were of no use in their heads. What were they doing with them when the Maphoto cut off their retreat in this way? The commander-in-chief of the army was burnt alive. All this was done in the presence of the army that had gone to war against the Maphoto. Immediately afterwards the same army was sent to the north, on the very day on which they had arrived home. They began their march tired out, having had no rest, and therefore many of them fell victims to the terrible diseases peculiar to the countries of the north. At that time thirty thousand men died of disease.

As soon as his regiments had departed Chaka asked Malunga what it was that was causing the armies of the Mazulu to return empty-handed. Malunga said: 'I doubt not that the reason is that thou who art Zulu art no longer accustomed to kill with thine own hand. Thou dost only

hear the report of men's death. A dog that has received the proper medicines in due meed, if it is not allowed to hunt in the end, tears to pieces both men and goats. So also a man in whose body cuts have been made for potent medicines, if he does not continue killing, the medicines turn their potency against him, and kill him.'

It was not likely that the matter would end there in the case of a man like Chaka who loved to see blood. He gathered together all the women who had been won in war as well as those whose husbands had been disabled by disease in the north or in battle and said: 'The witch-doctors say that it is through the sorcery practised by all of these that my regiments have returned empty-handed and have been destroyed by disease in such numbers.' It was not likely that the Mazulu would tolerate all the blame being placed on the men who had returned without booty; therefore they killed more of the women than Chaka had either ordered or expected.

Chaka chose for himself among the tribe the most beautiful of the young women, those who had a fine appearance, were of a light colour, and had beautiful bodies. Huts were built for them, they were fed on meat and their skins shone. Chaka used to go in to them and pluck the flower of their youth, and when their breasts had fallen and it was said that their bloom had gone he passed them on to his councillors. Of these girls with whom he lived in this way some were killed on that occasion. All the time that Chaka was uniting with the daughters of his people in this way his adviser Ndlebe was giving the strictest orders that every child born to these girls should be killed at birth, so that no child of Chaka might live. When the girls wept and bewailed their children Chaka said: 'It is right for a woman to weep for her child and since it is a grievous thing to part

a mother from her small child I will permit you to go where your children have gone.' With these words he caused them to be killed. Any woman can understand the grief and sorrow of these mothers. Ndlebe's sharp ears helped him in carrying out the work of killing all the children born to Chaka. Nandi had often urged Chaka to have a wife of his own who would bear him children and heirs, and not to keep always with a great crowd of women. But Chaka refused and said he did not desire children. Because she longed for grandchildren Nandi stole one of these girls, a daughter of Qwabe, and hid her afar off until her child was born and then the girl returned to Chaka and left the child where it was.

Later Nandi could not restrain her longing. She wanted to see the child of Chaka's own blood and so she sent for him. The child came and it was pretended that it was on a visit to its elders. Soon Ndlebe knew of it and told Chaka, and Chaka kept a watch on his mother and noticed that she loved the child dearly. One day Chaka came suddenly upon his mother when she was at her ease playing with the child and asked her why she should care for it. Nandi said she had merely taken it in her arms for a moment. Chaka told his mother to put the child in the enclosure round the hut, and then he drew near and came and bent over the child and his shadow fell upon it. And as soon as that happened the child died. This was the way in which Chaka always knew who were his children.

Chaka was now aflame with anger. In the evening he went to his mother's hut and asked her why she persisted in giving him children when he did not desire them? And then he killed his mother in the same way that he had killed Noliwe. When Nandi was quite dead he seemed to feel once more something gnawing at his heart, just as when he had killed Noliwe.

Early in the morning the report began to go round that Nandi was dead. Then Chaka poured dust on himself and wept and cried: 'Alas, alas. My mother is dead, dead. Alas, alas. From other huts the smoke goes up, but no smoke from mine.'

After this a complete change came over Chaka. He sent Ndlebe to go round his capital and see who were not weeping with their chief. And Chaka said if they were not weeping it was clear that it was they who had bewitched his mother, for all deaths are caused by witchcraft. Some people, for fear of being killed, poured snuff and dust in their eyes to make the tears come so that the spear might pass them by. Chaka took men and placed them on all the roads leading to the chief's hut to see who were coming at their ease or were not weeping. All such were placed in a certain gorge. He slaughtered quantities of oxen and all who ate of their flesh, or anything at all that was food, were placed in the gorge, because they had rejoiced in food when their chief wept. The regiment that had pursued Moselekatse was brought and placed in the gorge, after being deprived of their weapons. For it was said that these troubles had come because of them: they had not carried out their orders.

Chaka commanded that all the kin of Nongogo should be brought, for he had reviled his chief at his death—all his kin, that is to say his whole clan. And they too were placed in the gorge. Chaka commanded all the women that were companions of Nandi and of her generation to be gathered together: and they too were taken to the gorge. Previously a conspiracy had been made against Chaka, and he had been stabbed with a spear at a feast. And now the tribe of the man who had stabbed him was gathered together and placed in the gorge. The gorge was now nearly full, but Chaka commanded that all the

kin of Moselekatse should be brought, that is to say all who had been ruled by Zwide. And they too were taken to the gorge.

And now he ordered his regiments to kill all in the gorge that the curse might depart from his people. And as soon as the regiments appeared a cry went up, a pitiful cry of men about to be killed. Some begged for mercy: they had been late in coming because the way was long. Others did not attempt to plead, but died cursing. While the regiments were doing the killing, Chaka came to the edge of the gorge to watch the slaughter and their cries sounded pleasant in his ears.

At that time the vultures ate till they were satisfied. The hyenas ate and lay down. But it could not be noticed that they had eaten any of the dead at all. A stench rose, a strong odour. The spring near the gorge became haunted and infected. The corpses were thrown into the creeks in the gorge and into a ditch called Udonga-luka-Tatiyana.

After this Chaka said his mother must surely be at peace where she was, for so many men and women had accompanied her at her death and made a bed for her; they would be able also to light a fire for her. In some ways Chaka's mother irked him, for she often hindered him when he wanted to kill men.

This ditch of Udonga-luka-Tatiyana was filled twice over by Chaka with the people he had killed.

This terrible slaughter caused the wild animals to take up their abode near the village itself and startled the Mazulu and also the regiments, for the spear was being turned against the men of their own country instead of against their enemies. Men's hearts finally forsook Chaka and there was great discontent among the commanders. He had shown indeed that he was a man unlike other men, as Nongogo had said.

A few days after this Isanusi came to Chaka. He was passing by, but he turned out of his way to come to him. Chaka told Isanusi how his sway had grown and that he, Chaka, was the one and only chief remaining on earth. He said, too, that the number of his warriors was now equal to the stars in multitude. Isanusi said that he rejoiced to hear such tidings: Chaka should hold firm and go forward; and he further said: 'I have accomplished for thee all the desires of thy heart. Prepare thyself, therefore, that when I return thou mayest be able to give me the heifers for my reward and the reward of my companions.' Chaka asked when he would return and he said: 'I cannot tell thee clearly, for a witch-doctor's journeys are never known. Sometimes he is delayed and cannot go whither he has planned, for men detain him. But I will try to hasten to thee.'

When Isanusi had departed Chaka began to review his cattle and to choose out those he would give to Isanusi —a great multitude such as no witch-doctor had ever received before. He placed them on one side to wait for their owner to come.

Chapter Twenty-three

UNQUENCHABLE THIRST

CHAKA'S whole life was filled with important happenings, with marvels and mysteries that the ordinary person cannot understand. We have chosen out one side of his life only which suited best with our purpose, for it has not been our intention to tell everything. And now that we are at the end of our story we will remind the reader of what has gone before.

Chaka used the spear made for him by Isanusi to kill without mercy and soon became famous, until at last he won his mighty chieftainship. With the armies belonging to him as a great chief he made war against the south, destroying everything and sparing none. But those who fled before him wrought far more havoc. In the north too, and wherever Chaka fought, it was the same. When we take into account those killed by Matiwane when pursued by Chaka, by the Batlokoa under Sekonyela, by Moselekatse and by Chaka himself in his own country among the Mazulu, together with the young children killed at his command, we find that the total number is very great. And when we add to them Noliwe, Nongogo, and Mnyamana, and Nandi and the women of Chaka, we find that the number killed is truly terrible. If we are to have a proper grasp of the number killed by Chaka in the various ways we have described, we must imagine a number three or four times as great as all the Basuto—men, women, and children—as being collected together and then killed.

It was Chaka who was the cause of the 'great wars' which made men plunder and rob one another and compelled them to wander over the face of the earth as they had never done before. It was Chaka who caused the

introduction of cannibalism, that vilest of all practices when men hunt each other like animals—for food.

When the great chief Chaka had reached about the middle of his alloted span, at the time when a man's life is a happy one, when if he has worked he is beginning to enjoy the fruits of his labour, and to see the calves and the goats he has tended increasing, and to drink of their milk and eat of their flesh, and watches the children born to him disporting themselves, then it was that in Chaka's case he was visited with terrible doubts. He was so visited although he was a chief; he did not rejoice in his mighty chieftainship and his boundless riches, after he had obtained the desire of his heart. Chaka was a supreme chief, the great ones of the land did homage to him, bowing low before him and crawling on their bellies with their faces to the ground. Where he sat an attendant ever stood shading him with a shield. Where he sat his councillors ever answered him with words of praise, or gazed with veneration, or granted him the choicest and most honourable greetings. But in the midst of all this homage the most terrible doubts began to visit him.

The number of his warriors was like the stars of the heaven for multitude; never had any chief had as many. Furthermore they were never conquered. They fought with the winds and the storms and overcame them. How much more did they overcome men. Chaka should have rejoiced in this, when he thought of all these things of which he was the cause. But in the midst of this glory and these riches he began to be visited with doubts and his spirit was troubled.

Now what was it that his heart longed for and craved and desired so much? What was it for which he was athirst and could not find? In spite of everything his heart had no peace or happiness. All his possessions

seemed distasteful to him, his thoughts were swayed this way and that, his mind was not stable, it was without any fixed purpose. Chaka had been a warrior. As he grew up he had seen much blood spilt—by his own hand. And now he did not go forth to battle with his armies any more. He longed to see men die—killed by himself; he longed to kill. It was the absence of this thing that caused his sickness. He wanted his regiments to go on spilling blood at home where he was, while he sat idly by.

In order to subdue his heart-ache he held a great feast, and while the feast was proceeding he cast his eyes about to see whom he could remove from the earth, whom he could use to quench his lust for blood. Some were killed at the feast itself for performing badly and spoiling the songs of the chief and his feast. And some people whose voices were not good for fear of being killed kept silent so that they might not be heard. But their silence brought about their death: they had disgraced the feast of the chief. At the present day religious ardour often causes people to weep. In the same way in those benighted times people often used to weep at the songs and dances, especially if they were old and could no longer join in the games. On that occasion the hearts of many people were stirred when they saw the warriors clothed all alike, each company in its own distinctive apparel and when they thought of what they themselves had been once. So they wept and some abandoned themselves to their great grief and said that the feast of the chief had stirred their hearts indeed.

Chaka asked why they wept and they answered him and then he said: 'Surely it is a marvel that ye are made to weep when ye see my warriors drill, but do not weep at me who am myself a marvel, the author of all these things. For ye are made to weep by my men and the beauty of

their apparel, but not by me who gave them their apparel and caused it to be made. Thus ye have shamed me.' With these words Chaka raised up his light spear and pointed to the sky and the people were killed. Thus they were wrong when they thought the chief would be glad if they were made to weep at his feast. And those who had shown skill in the games and the best among the singers were killed also, for they had caused the people to weep, and had deprived the chief of the honour due to him alone. And now the people were at a loss to know what would please the chief, since neither singing badly nor well nor total silence would save them from being killed. These of whom we have spoken were all killed during the day while the feast was in progress.

In the middle of the night when all had gone to their huts, Chaka took his companies of warriors and killed most of the people who had come to the feast at his command, saying that they had plotted against him. And the servants of the chief, the men entrusted with this work, carried out their orders with no noise. And the lives of many hundreds of innocent people were taken from them that night and they became as if they had never been. And now Chaka's heart began to rejoice, life for him began to seem pleasant once more and to regain its savour after this act of his. His food tasted well, his thirst was relieved, his pain lessened and he became a man again. And on several occasions he did similar acts in order to dull the pain that was racking his heart. A feast became a means to easy killing when all the people were gathered together.

Chapter Twenty-four

BAD DREAMS

AND from that time on Chaka never again knew joy or any happiness as in the old days. Continually he had bad dreams which frightened him and drove away his sleep, and often when he awoke all memory of them had gone from him. A few days after the feast he had the following dream. He dreamed of his life from his boyhood to the day he met with Isanusi and then he awoke: the dream was too painful. He slept again and his sleep became disturbed, and again he had the same dream, and when he came to the meeting with Isanusi he awoke a second time. Three times in one night he had the same dream, beginning at the same point and ending at the same point, and the extraordinary part was that he always awoke when he came to the meeting with Isanusi, although at that time we do not know why he should have feared Isanusi after he had shown himself such a staunch friend.

When he awoke the third time he did not sleep again, but remained awake till morning. And while he was awake he had no recollection of his dream, but remembered only its distressing nature. When the sun rose he felt worried and sullen; nothing pleased him. He was angry if people even spoke to him or greeted him. The next night as soon as he lay down to rest he had the very same dream again; then he awoke. He went out to the hut of his favourite—the one he loved best of all—a young girl of a beautiful figure and a lovely appearance. She had a clear smooth skin and was the most beautiful of all the women of the Mazulu. When Chaka entered, he found that her skin was like goose flesh, not soft and smooth as before, and her voice was hoarse and irritated him and grated on his ears. He left her in the middle of

the night not having found the relief he sought, and when he entered her hut a second time he discovered her as before—or worse. But he revenged himself by killing some other of his concubines that night because they had not been able to calm his aching heart, and thinking that sorcery might be the cause he determined to leave his home and go into the veld where he could stay until Isanusi came and 'doctored' him and the village. Strange thing it is that it never occurred to Chaka to tell his bad dreams to Malunga or Ndlebe, although they were there with him all the time.

Chaka left his home, taking with him two regiments called 'Chaka's Own' and 'The Bees', and went towards the south. He caused these regiments to take up their position there since they could not all remain in the same place. And he also sent out a new regiment called 'The Dukuza' and the other two regiments accompanied it part of the way (his intention was to return with them). Then he went himself and he thought of sending back 'The Dukuza', but in his own heart he knew what it was pursuing him, tormenting him, and giving him no peace, day or night. And that was why he went to find rest and relief in the veld far from men.

Chaka came to Dukuza where he had sent the new regiment called 'The Dukuza', and the first night he had a dream worse than any before. He dreamed that he was asleep and that a spear pierced his heart. He awoke in great pain, seized his spear and shield, sprang to his feet, and looked round: everywhere stillness, all peacefully sleeping. Again he lay down, for his eyes were heavy with want of sleep for many successive nights. And as soon as sleep came to him he saw a Zulu spear piercing his heart. He started up in terror and stood there looking round: stillness, not a sound, save only the heavy breathing

of sleeping men. He did not sleep again but wandered about to prevent sleep, but he felt terrified and trembled continually. He marvelled at his dreams.

At last he sat back on his haunches with his knees bent, in order to give relief to his legs which were weak with fright, and while he was sitting thus a jackal howled far far away on the veld. Chaka heard it and leaped up, thinking it was the war-cries of his pursuers. And then he roamed about through the darkness of the night. Again the jackal howled and again Chaka started with fright. The animal's cry went through him and was like the war-cry of the man who held the spear which he had seen piercing his heart. Until dawn a dog kept up its howling far away in the caves. It was one of the dogs of the people Chaka had scattered and killed and destroyed when he killed also those who had come to him to beg for peace and a truce to strife. It seemed as if the dog were howling for its masters, cruelly slain while they had begged for their lives, and now it was left alone with its grief which caused it to cry out as it roamed to and fro not knowing where it was going.

Chaka was angry that others slept while he could not, and he killed nine men that night; he pierced them through as they lay sleeping on the ground.

We must tell the reader that Chaka was now in the same neighbourhood as when he began his wars and killed countless multitudes, when the number of dogs increased, and they harassed the frightened people moving about, and became wild and roamed in troops. Where once had been large villages there was now waste land, places to make men's hair stand up, devastated regions.

As Chaka thought of his acts and listened to the cries in the night he was very frightened and the tears trickled down. But his tears, instead of lessening his pain (in the way

that tears can lessen and soothe the pain of a wounded spirit), only increased it. He continued to pace up and down and wander about, although it was night. Something within (he did not know what) was driving him on and giving him no peace. Dawn began to show and other men awoke from sleep. And then at last Chaka slept. His sleep was short but deep and it caused his head to ache.

He awoke when the sun had risen and called for Malunga to tell him what had occurred, for this time he could remember his dreams. But Malunga was not there, and none knew where he had gone, although at sunset he had been in his place. He called for Ndlebe, but neither was he there, and people told Chaka he had intended to go back to the village where there was plenty of food, and spend the night with the girls of the chief. And now for the first time Chaka saw his danger: people were going off as they wished, for no reason and without permission from him. He was choking with anger: why had they disappeared just when he needed them most and required their help and advice?

The sun set and he was still despondent: no respite. He paced up and down and would not sit; it was as if his stomach within him was being burnt with hot boiling water. His eyes became small and receded far back into his head; they appeared vacant, like a drunkard's after a debauch. He was dizzy, weak, and clearly in pain. He felt faint and his mind was tempest-tossed and full of strange horrors, which he saw, but as in a mist: the clearest of them all was the vision of blood. At one moment his body was covered in sweat; at the next, cold as ice. Continually he paced to and fro, a pitiful sight. He was like a horse suffering from colic which runs here and there, not seeing where it is going, driven only by its pain. He paced up and down and would not sit, like

the mad horse of the Zambezi suffering from the disease of that country, which as it goes bites itself and tears its flesh with its teeth, giving itself no rest, because of the disease. It is a distressing sight and provokes pity in the heart of the beholder. Chaka was in no way dissimilar and those who saw him imagined that he must be ill.

When the sun had finished setting he went out and took with him about ten men, truly brave warriors whom he trusted. He knew that these were men who would willingly die with him; their bodies would be found by his body. He took them and slept with them a little apart from the three regiments, so that he might be at peace, far from sorcery.

Chaka's two younger brothers, Dingana and Mhlangana, had gone on an expedition against the north at his orders, but they turned back while on the march, saying that they were ill. They came to his hut soon after Chaka had left the village, so they sent to greet their chief and inform him of their return. When Chaka heard the tidings he sent a runner in haste to bring them, for he thought that if he saw his brothers maybe he would find comfort and the pain within him would become less. And as the sun set his eyes were fixed on the road and he tried to see into the far distance, if perchance he might be able to see his brothers. Dingana and Mhlangana had observed for some time that the tribe was weary of Chaka's rule and while they were journeying whither they had been sent all became clear to them and they perceived that the warriors no longer knew for certain what was their duty and what was not. So they returned, intent on killing Chaka, if the occasion should arise, and seizing the chieftainship for themselves. Meanwhile Chaka was awaiting them, all unknowing.

Chapter Twenty-five

UDONGA-LUKA-TATIYANA

THE sun set and the shades of night began to fall and to lengthen out: darkness came and men slept. And Chaka was overpowered with sleep, for his head was weary. And when his sleep became lighter his bad dreams returned to him, coming like evil spirits worse than the tikoloshi. He dreamt, and that night his dream was long and unbroken. He dreamt he saw his chief Dingiswayo and the noble acts he did when he tried to instil a spirit of humanity into the tribe, and he saw himself bringing to naught those high endeavours. Then he awoke and roamed about to dispel sleep. Again and again he looked out on the road through the darkness watching for Dingana and Mhlangana, his brothers. But his legs were tired and he sat down on the ground, and as he sat he was overpowered with sleep and dreamed again.

In his dream he saw himself from the moment of his meeting with Isanusi to when he acquired the chieftainship. All his deeds passed slowly before his eyes, but he wished they had passed quickly. He saw all the wars he had fought even more clearly than when they had taken place and all who had been killed—he saw them dying. He saw the tribes scattering before him in flight,devouring each other as they went. All the acts he had committed during his chieftainship he saw. He saw the journey of Nongogo to spy out the land and the pains and perils he endured; he saw his death. Mnyamana's sufferings too he saw. The slaughter of the countless innocent women captured in war together with their babes—he saw it all clearly, as one by one they were strangled.

And when the dream reached the slaughter of his own women Chaka felt oppressed and he awoke. He tried to

stand, but could not; he tried to shout, but his mouth was stopped; something was holding him fast to the ground. At length the strength to rise returned to him; he became wide awake and seizing his spear stood upon his feet. He looked round but all was still. The men he was with were sleeping while three warriors a little distance away paced round the hut, on guard as their chief had ordered.

And now Chaka saw that the time of his death was at hand and his only complaint was that he was on the veld far from men, where it was impossible for him to die the death he desired. But none the less he wrought guilefully. He went to those watchers of the night and said: 'What time of night is it, watchmen?' And they said: 'It is midnight.' He spoke with them of this sickness that was vexing him, and said that he was being bewitched by this regiment called the 'Dukuza', and that he must kill them. He sent to the regiments to fetch them and when the 'Dukuza' had come he divided them into two divisions and sent the first to some small villages near the Umvoti to kill all the people there and not leave one alive, for it was they who were bewitching him. The remaining division he divided into three, and stationed in three places, saying that if the people of those villages passed near them in their flight they must kill them all. Then he called for 'Chaka's Own' when the others had gone, and commanded that each of the three divisions should be killed where it stood, and this was done without difficulty for the numbers were small. Thus Chaka used Mazulu to kill Mazulu without their knowing it.

The division that had gone to those villages was killed on its return by 'Chaka's Own', and while the fighting was proceeding Chaka went to the 'Bees' and sent them in support, saying that the enemy had come. But they

soon saw that these were other Mazulu and they refrained from fighting.

There is nothing finer than when a good man perceives the good deeds he is doing, just as there is nothing more distressful than when an evil man perceives his evil deeds.

When a man thinks of his evil deeds it is very painful for him, but when he has a vision of them being done a second time, a vision of himself as he was when he did them, and sees himself doing them again in exactly the same way, then indeed it is unimaginably painful. Thus we cannot imagine what terrible burning pains Chaka's dreams caused him when he saw himself again at the time of his evil deeds.

There was a small gorge near the capital, full of deep ditches. A little above it and opposite the village was the spring from which the water was drawn. This was the gorge where Chaka had killed the people and cast their dead bodies into the crevices; this was where the vultures and hyenas had become so sated that they took up their abode there. Here, too, the cowards had been killed, and all whom Chaka had killed during his life and when he mourned for Nandi. Never again was water drawn from that spring before sunrise or after dusk, because of the angry spirits there. Afterwards, as the slaughter increased the spring became haunted and evil spirits prevented the flow of water. Even to-day none will pass by that gorge when the sun has set. In that gorge remain the spirits which could not reach heaven, their home. It is called, together with its ditches, Udonga-luka-Tatiyana, but we do not know what it was called previously: this was the name it was given in Chaka's day.

We have said that Chaka sat down to rest his tired limbs and fell fast asleep and dreamed again. He saw himself at his hut Umgungundlovu and the gorge of

Udonga-luka-Tatiyana seemed to be spread out below him. He felt a strong wind blowing, a hurricane, which was followed by a great din of people crying out, and at that moment he saw the gorge. The people he had killed were there raging with anger, but some merely looked at him in pity without saying a word. He saw the screech owl circling round in anger and crying, 'Chaka, Chaka, Chaka.' It was clacking its beak. And Chaka saw, too, all the evil spirits gathered there, and his friend, the Lord of the Deep Waters, as well. And all were looking towards Chaka.

And as Chaka watched them thus in his dream Isanusi came with his companions. The three of them remained absolutely silent as if they were rejoicing over Chaka with an inhuman joy, like the joy of one who has overcome his enemy whom he has prepared himself to kill. It was the joy of those who perceive their day has come. And Isanusi said: 'Chaka, to-day I have come to seek my reward. I told thee that when I should pass here again thou wast to await me with all preparations made; there was to be no delay; thou wast to give me what is mine with no disputation. For I have worked well for thee, and thou hast won the chieftainship and power and honour and riches and great fame.'

Harmless as were these words the pain they caused to Chaka was terrible. He perceived that Isanusi was counting up the multitudes that had gone to fill Udonga-luka-Tatiyana during the years of his chieftainship, for as he spoke his eyes were fixed on the gorge. When Chaka heard these words he seemed to leap up in his sleep and fall on one of Isanusi's companions and kill him. He awoke and looked this way and that, trembling, and all he saw was that the night had gone. Beyond that there was nothing for him to see, except that he knew that he had been dreaming.

The sun rose and with great difficulty Chaka nerved himself and went out and spoke with the people, but it was no longer the Chaka that they knew who spoke. He stood up like the royal lion of the Mazulu, like a wild beast without fear, but like a lion with its strength gone, unable even to raise its mane. He stood up like a huge elephant, but like an elephant that is staggering, with its strength gone, that is like to a diseased ox and its ears are limp. His fine body, his broad shoulders, his mighty limbs swayed gently of their own weight. Weak and tottering his body could no longer fulfil his commands. He approached a man, swaying, and threatened him once only, and the man's mouth opened like a bird's and he died. Death, the mighty bull, had seized Chaka, but he did not see it; it had come to him and he could not flee away or fight against it. Death came to him in the moment of his glory, in the hour of his boasting, when he said that the regiments of the Mazulu had fought against the storms and the winds and overcome them, had fought against death and overcome it and trampled it under foot. At such a time had death come to him and there was no deliverance.

When the sun rose the regiment of the 'Dukuza' was no longer there, but had gone with the night; a few only of 'Chaka's Own' remained. The 'Bees' alone were all in their place. Chaka said that those men who were with him should choose for themselves from his oxen fifty from each choice herd (the herds had been divided according to their colour). He said that this was their reward, for they had served him loyally. And while they were choosing he sent a company of his warriors to slay them, saying that it was they who had bewitched him, for when he was ill they had run eagerly after his cattle to take their reward before he was even dead.

Chapter Twenty-six

THE DEATH OF CHAKA

DAWN came, and the sun rose, and at the time when the cattle are at ease in the pasture grounds Dingana and Mhlangana arrived, appearing from the regiments which they had left behind, for these had taken up their position not far from Chaka—at a distance which could be covered in about half an hour by a fast runner.

When Chaka's brothers arrived he thrilled with joy, and leapt in the air and it was as if he was seeing them for the first time and as if they were bringing him cool water to soothe his pain. His aching pains grew less and gave him space to speak with his brothers. Chaka had now made himself verily ill with worry and anxiety and he could not rest, but although he was ill he had not become thin. He talked with them for most of the day and kept on asking them about the battle and they answered all his questions. Dingana soon noticed that there was no doubt that Chaka was very ill, and he prepared to carry out his evil design on the very day of their meeting.

At midday Chaka's pains came upon him. When the shadows of the afternoon began to lengthen they increased to an alarming extent and deprived him of all chance to speak with his brothers.

It was during this time that the messengers from Moshoeshoe came to him, and brought him cranes' feathers with which to adorn his warriors. He took and admired them, but the pain in his chest increased. All the acts of his life passed again before his eyes and of all whom he had removed from the earth before their time it was Noliwe that he saw, just as she was in the outhouse and he heard again her last words: 'Chaka, my beloved, thou who art now my father, who art Jobe, who art Dingi-

swayo, who art . . .' and when he heard those words and saw Noliwe again he felt faint and his whole body sweated. And he heard Isanusi say, more clearly than when the words were first spoken: 'To-day thou hast entered into the number of the chiefs of our land, the chiefs that are mighty.'

Noliwe vanished and Nandi appeared and when Chaka first saw her he tried to cry out, but no sound came from his lips. He gazed upon the cranes' feathers, but yet although he gazed thus it did not seem that he really saw them. Nandi was in the same attitude and posture as when her son took away her life and all the time Noliwe's voice went on ringing in his ears.

After this Chaka saw Udonga-luka-Tatiyana filled with the bodies of those whose lives he had taken and Nandi was at one corner of it and Noliwe at the other. And as he gazed upon them Isanusi appeared far away in the distance with his companions. And Chaka heard a sound from the midst of the multitude, dinning his ears: 'Chaka, murderer of thy brothers, the offspring of thine own father. Murderer of thy wife, the friend of thy heart. Murderer of thy children, thine own offspring. Murderer of thy mother who gave thee birth.'

Dingana perceived that Chaka was still in a trance and then Mopo signed to him by winking with his eye to approach, for their hour had come. He looked round at Mhlangana and he also approached. Dingana approached Chaka and made as though to admire the feathers. Then suddenly he struck him and the spear sank in and came out the other side. Mhlangana also struck him from behind and the spear came out in front: Mopo's spear entered his side. Their three spears met in his body and at that very moment Isanusi came to Chaka to demand his reward.

When Chaka felt the spears enter his body he did not defend himself manfully as of old, but turned slowly round and awoke from his trance and his mid-day visions. As soon as he turned, his pains subsided and his features regained their former state and Dingana and Mhlangana saw him as he had always been and fled in terror. And then Chaka said: 'It is your hope that by killing me ye will become chiefs when I am dead. But ye are deluded; it will not be so, for Umlungu will come and it is he who will rule, and ye will be his bondmen.'

Chaka died covered with wounds far from his own home. The sun set and his body was dragged on to a high level space to be eaten by the wild beasts of the field. The next day the people rose up when it was yet very early, to see what had been left by the wild beasts. They found that Chaka's corpse was still as it had been, untouched, except that it was green like seaweed. They found the tracks of many hyenas on the ground all about the corpse and they were astounded that this animal which is more gluttonous even than the pig had not eaten it by night. They told Dingana and he went with them to the corpse. When they drew nigh the crows flew away from it and they thought they would find the eyes plucked out, but both were still there. They were all filled with terror and trembled, and then Dingana ordered that the corpse should be buried quickly lest perchance it might rise again. And this was the last of Chaka, the son of Senzangakona.

Even to-day the Mazulu remember how that they were men once, in the time of Chaka, and how the tribes in fear and trembling came to them for protection. And when they think of their lost empire the tears pour down their cheeks and they say: 'Kingdoms wax and wane. Springs that once were mighty dry away.'

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